Peace in Our Time? *Louis J. Halle*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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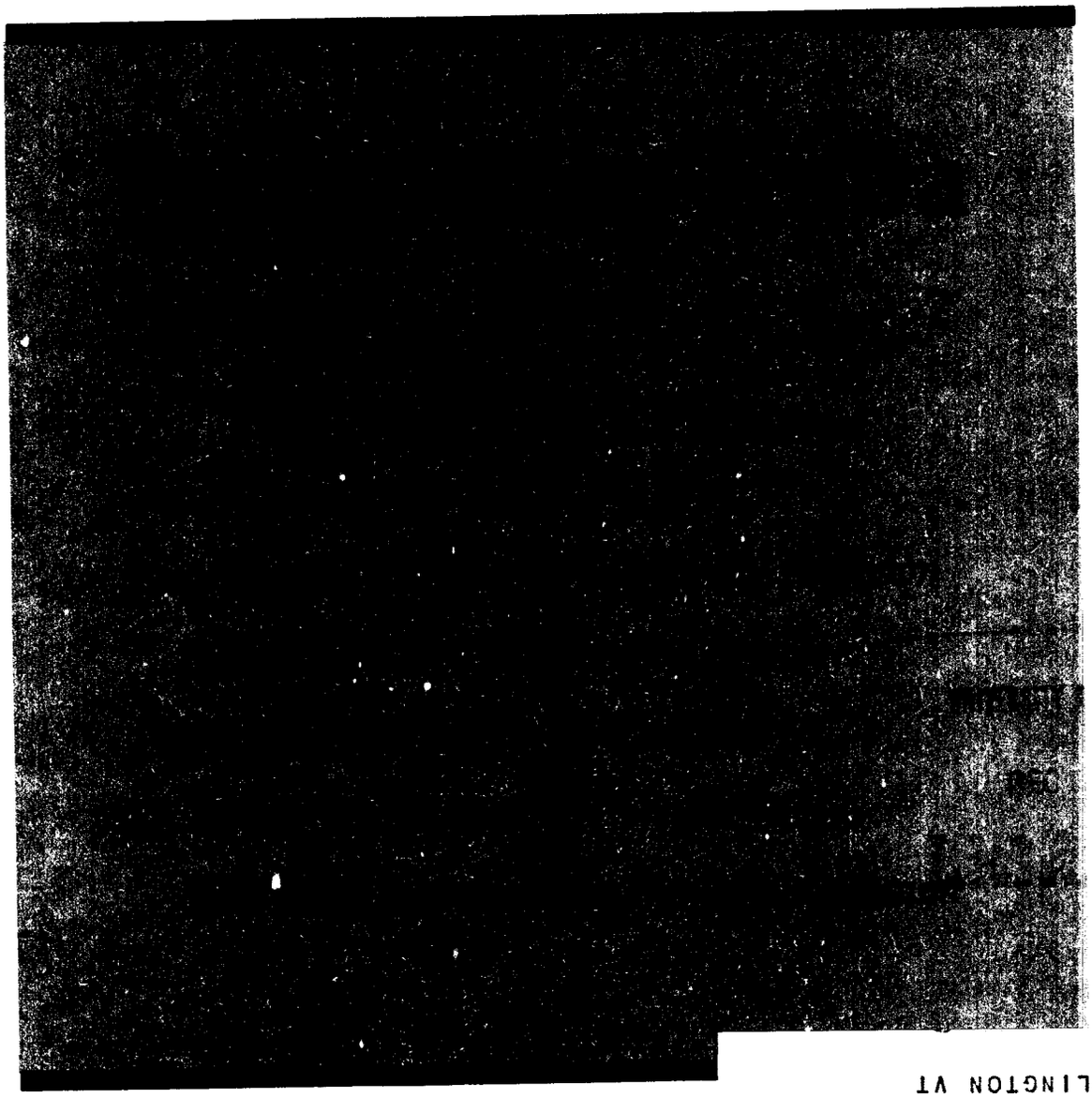

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Soon, the Decisions

★ Over our radio the other morning came an advertisement sung to *Joy to the World*, and before we could shut it off we heard the words, "Cigars, cigarettes, cigarellos. . . ." It put us into an appropriate mood for a fine, commercial Christmas.

Mr. Lyndon Johnson's first month illustrates the difference between a Sovereign and a Chief of State. He has so far played Sovereign, asserting national unity, continuity and dignity. His popularity is tremendous; he is all things to all men (Chamber of Commerce head Neilan hails him for "frugality," George Meany for his expected liberalism). Mr. Johnson has handled this critical take-over well, we think, and we should be grateful for it.

Mr. Johnson becomes Chief of State when he starts making decisions and this is almost at once the dividing line coming, probably, when he offers the new budget which knee-kick Republicans will immediately denounce as extravagant. Give a sigh then; we shall be back to normal.

Every decision Mr. Johnson makes from now on means an opponent, and he has thousands ahead (the hardest often marginal: on timing, or on the choice between the Good and the Better, rather than the Good and the Bad).

In short, the gush period is about over. And so, happily, is the Congressional show. Congress has gone home. It has been one of the strangest in history; boring to watch and dominated most of the time by a low-grade filibuster. We think of five reasons, among others, why it bogged down. First, of course, was the Kennedy program itself: he asked for more than most Congresses could give. The tax bill included the first deliberate Federal deficit; medicare was just as radical; civil rights insured a filibuster from the start, and though we haven't reached that Niagara yet you can hear the thunder.

A second reason, we think, was weak legislative leadership. Speaker McCormack, tall, gaunt, dark-clothed, looks and talks like a funeral director. Senate Leader Mansfield, gentle and cogitative, would answer you, columnist Peter Lisagor suggests, if you charged him with lacking force, by sucking meditatively on his pipe and disarmingly saying you might be right.

Next, we think, Mr. Kennedy himself played some part in this; his lack of success in establishing emotional lines of pressure from the man in the street back to influence Congress was the disappointment of his Administration. He might have changed all this soon; alas, we shall never know.

Then there is the structure of Congress itself, all brake, no accelerator, with a built-in antagonism to the executive. No matter who wins the election next year, half the House seats probably won't change. They are already "safe" for present incumbents. Short of a political convulsion, another 25 percent won't change either. To a considerable degree the election is already rigged. What do representatives from safe seats care about threats from the White House?

Executive Power

★ The public turns to the President in despair and, for better or worse, we see his power slowly growing in recent years. He is becoming ascendant. Though Congress fitfully balks, it generally drags along with him in time and we rather guess this will be true of the next session under Mr. Johnson. If so, it will be John Kennedy's crop coming up at last.

The successful Presidential candidate turns increasingly to big states and to big cities; in other words there is a bias toward liberalism and nationalism at the White House level as against a bias toward conservatism and parochialism at the Congressional level, particularly in the House of Representatives (with its complex of small constituencies and over-representation of the rural areas).

And finally, we think this extraordinary current legislative pile-up is due to a fifth reason, a failure of national will. We don't fear Russia so much, so we cut foreign aid; we are affluent ourselves, so we can hardly credit stories of unemployment; we aren't Negroes, so we don't worry too much about civil rights. A queer fact is that there has not been a decisive election mandate since 1952; some put the date as far back as 1938-9, when FDR lost control of Congress. The nation has been on political dead center for an extraordinary period. It has not wanted to get moving again.

Under Their False Whiskers

★ Last week we went to the Bobby Baker hearing. They had opened a window to let the TV cables into the drafty marble vault of the midget-in-Morgan's-lap Senate caucus room, clammy as a morgue, and we looked up shiveringly at the lofty ceiling, wondering if it would snow. The widow of Baker's business partner, Mrs. Novak, was telling her bizarre story, and her two-inch ear pendants swung like Christmas tree hangings every time she said "No," and shook her upswept blonde head; and every time somebody opened the Caucus Room door a carol burst in. Students were singing downstairs in the great rotunda, and first there was Mrs. Novak composedly telling how Baker always made business deposits in big chunks of cash – $13,300, for instance, in $100 bills; then the sound of *Come All Ye Faithful;* and then how Baker mysteriously ballooned a $12,000 investment into five times that amount; then another burst of Yuletide music rushing in as though it were the force blowing the big door open and not the hand of the policeman.

Our feelings alternated rapidly in the show, we noted, between wondering how much Mrs. Novak might know and wasn't telling and sympathy for the non-negotiable IOU's Baker finally pushed off on her, to wind up a motel deal that went sour. A good many Bakers, we guess, look like Santa at the start, but are really Scrooge under their false whiskers.

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THE STAFF

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Publisher – Robert B. Luce
Circulation Manager – Bertha Lehman
Business Manager – Glenon Matthiesen
New York Advertising Representative – Gene Andrewski, 40 West 53rd Street, New York 19, New York

War on Poverty

This is the time when the red kettles of the Salvation Army remind us that the poor are still with us, something many people would prefer to forget. Yet if the poor in America did not exist it might almost be necessary to invent them, because for years they have been used as the classic refutation of Marxism: Instead of increasing they manifestly have been diminishing, whereas the middle class has grown. Now, however, the poor look like multiplying again as the Sixties move inexorably toward the Seventies. If this happens, it will not mean that Marxists were right; it will mean that Democrats and Republicans are stupid.

President Johnson has declared war on poverty, and this is certainly to be applauded. But must we wait for people to join the ranks of the poor, through growing unemployment because of automation and other factors, before we as a community reach out a helping hand to pull them back from the abyss?

A quite surprising number of us have gone up in the world, joining the ranks of those we used to think of as the rich. Half the families in America now have incomes, before tax, of between $6,000 and $10,000. Almost a fifth now have incomes before tax of $15,000 and over, compared with less than a tenth who enjoyed such incomes (in 1962 dollars) in 1947.

Fifteen years ago, 44 percent of American families had incomes under $4,000 (in 1962 dollars), a sum which is regarded by the US Bureau of Labor Statistics as inadequate for normal living. Today, the figure is 31 percent. But that still means 54 million people, of whom 36 million have family incomes of less than $3,000. When the poor are between a fifth and a third of the nation, to say that their poverty is their own fault would amount to a national indictment. A country with 36 million bums would surely have to hang its head.

The poor include unemployed coal miners and textile workers, as well as halt the senior citizens of 65 and over, and over half the families living in rural areas. It also includes over half the Negroes, yet fully three-quarters of the poor are white. Many of the poor are resigned to ill-health, bad housing and chronic unemployment as a way of life from generation to generation. They are washed out, in body and spirit – themselves impoverished and impoverishing the community.

The price of poverty is high in terms of wasted lives and talents. Over 23 million Americans have had less than eight years in school.

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One consequence is that 21.7 percent of all those who register for Selective Service fail a simple mental test and are rejected. At the other end of the scale, half the top 16 percent of high school students don't go on to college, usually because their families can't afford it. The American infant mortality rate at 25.5 per 1,000 is 16 times that of Sweden. In city slums, crime is increasing five times faster than our population.

But the most ominous thing about poverty is what seems to be its future. The over-all unemployment rate is 5.9 percent, but among the nation's teenagers it is over 16 percent. Over a million teenagers are at present seeking jobs and not finding them.

President Johnson said 20 months ago that well over 25,000 workers a week were losing their jobs to automation. This month, Labor Secretary Wirtz said the labor force is growing twice as fast as the number of jobs. The president of the National Association of Manufacturers says that if this continues, unemployment by 1970 will have reached 12.7 percent.

Secretary Wirtz warned that youngsters who do not get themselves a good education are committing economic suicide. For some, this is like telling starving peasants to eat cake. Mr. Wirtz optimistically forecast millions more white-collar jobs by 1975. But he based his projection on unemployment being kept under four percent, which has not happened in the 17 years since the Employment Act of 1946 was passed.

Congress in fact has provided $1.2 billion to create college space for the 2.8 million extra college students expected by 1970. But it has yet to grant the request of Commissioner of Education Francis Keppel for a modest $5 million to help states tackle what amounts to virtual mass illiteracy (15 percent in Arkansas, according to Senator Fulbright). Former Ambassador J. K. Galbraith, the Harvard man who sometimes wishes he hadn't invented the affluent society, wants to send rescue squads of highly-qualified, well-paid teachers into the hundred poorest counties and the worst city slums, to save the kids there from illiteracy. But if the rescued then up and left, what would happen to these regions? And, if they stayed, however well-educated, how could they improve things without the necessary furniture of economic development, like roads and power, new homes for old slums?

Education will not produce jobs if the economy is growing too slowly. And it is: twice as many people will enter the labor market in this decade as in the Fifties. The government has a crucial role to play in stimulating growth to match this. But the politicians talk of thrift. They are out of date. Keynes pointed out 34 years ago that enthroning thrift is positively harmful if enterprise is lacking.

Though profits after tax are up 40 percent from 2½ years ago, unemployment which was seven percent then is 5.9 percent now. The proposed tax-cut therefore is unlikely to raise new private capital investment to a level that will provide full employment.

Roughly half the threatened nine or ten million unemployed in 1970 will be under 25. Long ago, an old prophet, H. G. Wells, wrote that a particular consequence of the onrush of power and invention in our time was the release of a great flood of human energy in the form of unhappy unemployed young people, whom he called the shock troops in the destruction of the social order.

It would be ridiculous if this disruption happened in a country as rich and resourceful as ours. All that is required is a little forethought, a little knowledge of how a modern economy really works, and a little political courage. Or do we prefer to be like primitives who resist vaccination as subversive of their way of life, and cling stoically to their smallpox epidemics?

Door Into China

The US has still to find its feet on the slippery slopes of coexistence. After Congress almost lost its balance over the wheat deal with Russia and trade with Poland and Yugoslavia, Secretary Dean Rusk and Assistant Secretary Roger Hilsman gave an appearance of colliding about official policy toward Russia and China.

Hilsman told the San Francisco Commonwealth Club, some of whose members are highly conservative, that the time has come (14 years after the Communists entered Peking) to take stock "dispassionately" of the China problem; and he went on to suggest that American policy toward Russia, which has gone from recognition to trade and "broadening contact," would turn out to be valid in the long run for China too. But, at the NATO meeting in Paris, a few days later, Secretary Rusk seemed to be saying that Chinese enmity made a bond between the US and the Soviet Union.

Actually, the apparent collision was probably just an optical illusion. As President Johnson indicated in his speech to the UN, there is an urgent need not just to end the Cold War but to prevent the further spread of nuclear weapons and also to get some sort of arms control working. Somehow, China has to be got into the test-ban treaty – she may explode an atomic device any day – and into an arms control agreement. Secretary Rusk, who cleared the Hilsman speech before he delivered his own in Paris, knows this better than anyone.

Some who like very much the notion of playing the two Communist super-powers off against each other apparently wished themselves into believing that the Secretary of State advocated it at NATO. In fact, the State Department thinks that for America to take sides in the Sino-Soviet quarrel would be doing just the op-

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posite of exploiting the rift. The US would then have put itself in the position of an exploitee of Khrushchev in his battle with Peking. Already there is a feeling of dismay in the Department that the US is not in a position to make its own independent check on the truth of what the Russians say about the Chinese.

Without quite meaning to, the Russians have hustled the Chinese out of the isolation that the US vainly sought to impose on them. A Foreign Report we publish in this issue makes clear that the quarrel with the Soviet Union has taken China out into the world, into Africa and probably will soon take it into the UN.

As Assistant Secretary Hilsman said, there has been too much emotion and too little reality in our China policy. Real stocktaking consequently may have to be preceded by a somewhat painful domestic dialogue. To initiate this may have been the intent of the Hilsman speech. If so, the occasion was cunningly chosen. In California, even ultra-conservative businessmen often wonder if they aren't passing up a huge future market by acting as if mainland China doesn't exist. The Hilsman reference to an "open door" policy was deliberately nostalgic.

Mr. Latin America

At the changeover of Administrations in 1961, Thomas Mann, who had climbed so high in the foreign service under a Republican regime, could probably have stayed on as Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. He chose otherwise, in part because he had not been drawn in on the formulation of the Alliance for Progress and had misgivings about assuming responsibility for a program planned and launched without his counsel and, in his judgment, with excessively high initial expectations. After a two-and-a-half-year interlude as Ambassador at Mexico City, he returns now to his former assignment, embellished by an additional title as Special Assistant to the President. He thus becomes directly responsible to two men – Secretary Rusk and Mr. Johnson. That may not make good organizational sense, but it shows how highly the President rates Latin America, and Mr. Mann. The office he will occupy is vested with unprecedented authority – not only because of the breadth and explicitness of the warrant which President Johnson has issued to the new appointee (an old friend), but also because of qualities inherent in the man. There are not many practitioners in the field who excel him for range and acuteness of knowledge of Latin America. He has already asked the able men of the Kennedy Latin-American team (such as Theodore Moscoso) to stay on the job. His position with his superiors is solid; there can be small thought of cutting around or under him.

Boycotting Cuba

The government's Cuba policy has a certain logic, argued thus: If, during the next year or so, shipping companies of the "free world" withdraw all of their vessels from the Cuba trade (and these vessels now account for about 50 percent of all such trade), Castro will be forced to depend for survival entirely on the Communists. But these allies of Castro, so the reasoning continues, are going to find the burden of that dependence intolerable. And when they no longer find it worthwhile to keep Castro afloat, he will drown.

This is the logic underlying new restrictions announced in Washington last week on foreign shippers who trade with Cuba. Heretofore, if a foreign ship owner allowed one of his vessels to go to Cuba, only that particular vessel was put on the US blacklist. Henceforth, if a shipper wishes to carry any US-financed cargo, he will have to agree in writing to take *all* of his vessels out of Cuba trade, once his present contracts for such trade have expired.

How much would it hurt foreign shipping concerns were they not allowed to carry US-government-financed cargoes? Not much. In 1962, out of 291.7 million long tons of US cargo shipped from this country, US-financed cargo carried in foreign bottoms amounted only to eight million tons. To be deprived of this business means being deprived of carrying about three percent of all US shipments. The new restrictions will inconvenience Castro (and foreign shippers) but that is all.

Washington is bemused by the statistic that Cuba is costing the Russians about $1 billion a year. No doubt Mr. Khrushchev would prefer to reduce this extravagance. But can he risk being sued by Castro for non-support, with all that would mean to the Soviet "image" throughout the Communist world?

There is another question, pertinent this week. Is the suffering of the Cuban people a defensible American objective? And if that is not the American objective, what purpose does a partial blockade serve?

It must be asked also whether an economic war against Cuba, directed from Washington, weakens or strengthens Castro among his own people. Jean Daniel reports in this issue of *The New Republic* that it stiffens the Cuban spine.

It would seem to us in the national interest to decrease, rather than increase, Castro's reliance upon the Russians. For if that tie were loosened (though not necessarily broken), it might be possible to begin exploring how the Cuban revolution can be made tolerable to the community of American states. It is not the Sovietization nor the starvation nor the conquest of Cuba, but its restoration to membership in the American community, to which it belongs by geography and tradition, that should be the aim of diplomacy.

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Off the Rails

In voting this country's first peacetime compulsory arbitration law last summer, the Congress sought to prevent a nationwide railroad strike. It directed a tripartite panel to work out a binding settlement, and on November 26 the panel decreed that railroad management would be allowed to eliminate ultimately up to 90 percent of 33,000 freight and yard firemen and negotiate locally the elimination of up to 19,000 trainmen – all casualties of technological progress. The award is effective January 25 and runs for two years.

A regressive award, the unions charged. Four unions filed suit on grounds the award ignored the Congressional directive to incorporate items in an earlier agreement. They also have asked the court to void the arbitration law itself as unconstitutional.

If the court upholds both law and award, the enforced railroad truce can still become unstuck on other issues, including wages, that are subject to collective bargaining. The strike moratorium on these other issues expires February 24.

Why has collective bargaining failed?

Some insist management ruined the atmosphere by holding up its own employees to public ridicule as "featherbedders." The unions, on the other hand, contend that the Administration's advance notice that a strike would be "intolerable" precluded bargaining.

The railroads claim that wasteful work practices cost them a half billion dollars a year. (Three presidential boards upheld their thesis that most freight and yard firemen are unneeded.) The brotherhoods are trying to hold back the clock, they say. But having negotiated work rules for more than a half century, the unions understandably oppose giving management the right to determine them unilaterally, though other unions have conceded this right in return for job security; witness the revolutionary West Coast longshoremen's pact, the Kaiser plan to share cost savings, the Southern Pacific settlement with the railway clerks.

The argument that the union leaders cannot be expected to negotiate away the jobs of some 50,000 members is specious. Management has agreed to natural attrition, and no more than 2,000 recently-hired or part-time workers would be laid off. The rest would have a lifetime guarantee of jobs.

Collective bargaining has failed. Mediation has failed, despite the herculean and selfless patience of Labor Secretary Wirtz and others. As a result, the issue of government arbitration is likely to be argued all over again on Capitol Hill.

The unions plead for the right to strike. Two earlier strikes this century lasted but a few days, they point out, and another walkout would be equally short and less onerous because of stronger competing modes of transport today. AFL-CIO President George Meany claims that the denial of this right is manifestly unfair so long as the railroads are run for profit. But it is also unfair that the nation should suffer the unusually grave damage of having no rail transport – even briefly.

The McCarran Act

The Subversive Activities Control (McCarran) Act of 1950 is a sort of catalog, with a glossary, of the Red-hunting phobias that engulfed the country a decade ago, and that now still haunt the far right. The Act is gripped in a vision of imminent revolution, of "treachery, deceit, infiltration, espionage, sabotage, terrorism"; of thousands of "ruthlessly disciplined" domestic Communists, who await the moment "when the United States may be so far extended by foreign engagement" that its government can be overthrown. It comes as anti-climax that the Act deals with this unspeakable menace by requiring the Communist Party, its membership and allied organizations to register with the government, and then imposes certain disabilities which, if the menace is what the act says, are trivial, though nonetheless vindictive.

The McCarran Act has not had smooth sailing. The efforts to enforce it ran first into some perjured testimony from professional ex-Communist witnesses. Then there was a pause while certain procedural irregularities were straightened out. Not till 1961 did the Supreme Court finally uphold a specific order to the Communist Party to register under the Act. Still, the McCarran Act might have achieved its curious objective, or some portion of it, but for – ironically – the Smith Act. Under the Smith Act, it is a crime to advocate the overthrow of the government and membership in the Communist Party constitutes part of the proof of the commission of that crime. But since the Fifth Amendment says that no one can be required to come forward with proof that he has committed a crime, no one, it would seem, can be required to come forward to register himself as a Communist, or to admit membership in the Party in order to register it.

This issue was not squarely before the Supreme Court in 1961, and was not then decided. It did squarely arise when the government prosecuted the Party for failure to abide by the 1961 order to register. That prosecution has now failed. A unanimous three-judge panel of the Court of Appeals in Washington held on December 16 that the Fifth Amendment privilege against self-incrimination protects any individual against being forced to register the Party. If there is no one who could have been required to register it, the Party can hardly be prosecuted for having failed to do so, and the whole McCarran Act house of cards falls, unless the govern-

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ment can find someone in the Party leadership who is both out of jail and willing to waive his Fifth Amendment privilege.

The results have come as no surprise to informed legislators. The Congress that passed the McCarran Act was on notice that the Fifth Amendment generally puts the government to a choice, as the late John W. Davis remarked, between ventilation and prohibition. The government cannot require disclosure of what it wishes to punish. But Congress was not legislating rationally. It wanted to have its cake and eat it. That has now proved impossible.

Where the Shots Came From

Dallas physicians who treated President Kennedy's throat wound have reversed themselves, calling it an exit instead of an entry wound as they first had said.

Their revised opinion brings them into line with the report of an autopsy made at the United States Naval Hospital at Bethesda, Md., and the FBI's report on the assassination, now in the hands of the special commission headed by Chief Justice Warren. Neither document has yet been made public, but both have been widely leaked to quell suspicions that Lee Harvey Oswald may not have been the only sniper who fired at the President.

Two Secret Service agents called on the Dallas surgeons and obtained the reversal. (No officials had questioned the doctors until that visit.) They did so by showing the surgeons a document described as the autopsy report. It told of another wound, where the right shoulder met the back of the neck, and said the bullet entered there and went out through the front of the throat.

Dr. Robert N. McClelland and Dr. Malcolm Perry, who had originally called the throat wound an entry wound, now agree that the shot came from behind, as did the second shot, which struck Governor John Connally, and the third, which tore a gaping hole in the back of the President's head. Dr. McClelland has explained the original estimate by pointing out that the doctors in Dallas had charge of the President only 22 minutes, that they were concerned with trying to save his life rather than trace the courses of the bullets, and that they had no time for a complete examination and no knowledge of the circumstances of the shooting.

Johnson as Party Leader

President Johnson is practicing continuity with respect to his predecessor's politics as well as his policies.

John F. Kennedy was assassinated during a tour designed to impose a moratorium on civil war among Texas Democrats – essential to carrying Texas a second time in '64. Mr. Kennedy had scheduled a similar journey to bring harmony to his party in California. Pennsylvania and New York were slated to be the next on his list.

As President, Mr. Johnson has continued along this prescribed path. He lost no time in making Mayor Robert Wagner the central figure in the New York Democratic picture. The traditional harmonizer among Pennsylvania Democrats, former Governor David Lawrence was on the President's list of visitors last week. California Governor Pat Brown, Kennedy liaison man Jesse Unruh, and the rambunctious California Council of Democratic Clubs will soon be feeling Presidential pressure to "reason together." Even in his own state where he has served as chief of one of two warring Texas tribes, Mr. Johnson thus far is standing behind the Kennedy directive for party peace in the Presidential election year. But there are signs of restlessness among the Johnson Texas regulars.

For years the regular Democratic organization led by Mr. Johnson and Governor John Connally and a liberal group led by Senator Ralph Yarborough have been at odds. Senator Johnson led a move to oust a Yarborough supporter, Mrs. Frankie Randolph, from her elected office as Democratic National Committeewoman. Senator Yarborough refused to support Johnson as a Favorite Son candidate for President in 1960. The two men have backed opposing candidates for Governor and built separate campaign organizations of their own. After Johnson advanced to the Vice Presidency, there were still disputes over patronage. Relations continued strained up to the time of the late President Kennedy's projected trip to Texas. Yarborough is up for re-election next year, and the Texas papers had been full of rumors that the Johnson forces might enter a major opponent against the Senator in the Democratic primary.

At Houston, on the day before he was shot, President Kennedy inspired a truce agreement between the Yarborough and Johnson-Connally forces. Negotiated by Houston Congressman Albert Thomas, the pact ruled out feuding by both sides in the interest of the national campaign. In Dallas the next day Mr. Johnson and Senator Yarborough occupied the same car in the tragic cavalcade.

The political tranquillity did not last long. On December 8, several Texas papers prominently featured a Washington report from Leslie Carpenter, a correspondent closely associated with the new President for many years and the husband of Mrs. Johnson's staff director. His story spoke of important support being offered to Representative James Wright of Fort Worth, a moderate and a friend of Johnson, to enter the primary race against Senator Yarborough. Politically-atuned Texans took this as word from the White House. Yarborough

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partisans prepared to man their battle stations.

Quickly and quietly word came through from the President's staff that the White House had not known of the Carpenter column in advance and has no unfriendly intentions toward Yarborough. The truce remained in force. That same week Mr. Johnson invited the Senator to be his guest on the Presidential plane to attend the funeral of Herbert Lehman.

But there was need for more oil on the troubled waters. New stories appeared rumoring that former Representative Lloyd Bentsen Jr. of Houston, a close friend of both the President and Governor Connally, would enter the race against Yarborough. That, the political writers are speculating, could trigger a multi-candidate contest, which might include former Governor Allan Shivers, who has at various times opposed Johnson and Yarborough and is not bound by any truce agreement between them.

When the Bentsen rumor reached Washington, Senator Yarborough was swimming with the President in the White House pool. Since the truce, both men have gone out of their way to observe the spirit as well as the letter of their agreement. There will be those on both sides who will long for the good old feuding and fighting, but chances are that the principals will manage to keep the peace. For the time being this is good politics for both. Senator Yarborough's ability to get things done will be enhanced if it is known that the White House door is freely open to him. A united Johnson-Yarborough campaign in Texas next year will produce a higher political yield at less cost. The President has in Yarborough an effective worker in the Senate – he helped last week with the Mexican border treaty and with approval of Johnson's first major appointment, Thomas Mann to the Department of State. Yarborough will vote with the Administration almost 70 percent of the time, to judge by his record of support for President Kennedy's program in 1962, as reported by *Congressional Quarterly*. By making peace with Yarborough the President can erase another black mark Eastern and Western liberals had against him. And if he can't make peace in his party in Texas, how can the President make feuding Democrats in New York, Pennsylvania and California behave?

Suite F-80, Inc.

The Senate opened its Bobby Baker hearings with an exposition of the techniques of operating a brokerage house, a real-estate office and cash depository in Suite F-80 – headquarters of the Secretary to the Majority Leader of the United States Senate, just next to the historic and sacred rotunda of the Capitol.

The Rules Committee's first witness last week was Mrs. Gertrude Novak, who gave every appearance of being a victim, if not of Bobby Baker's rapacity, at least of the mistakes of his boundless commercial vision. Mrs. Novak, a secretary in the office of the Senate Small Business Committee, is the widow of Alfred Novak, Bobby Baker's partner in the Carousel Motel, Baker's "luxurious hideaway for the 'advise and consent' set" in Ocean City, Md.

The Novaks had enjoyed a share of Bobby Baker's rise; now Mrs. Novak reports, more sad than bitter, on the consequences to them of his decline. In 1960, Bobby Baker had told the Novaks about the Mortgage Guaranty Insurance Company of Milwaukee, later to be known, with good reason, as MAGIC. "He was always short of cash," Mrs. Novak said last week, and his proposal was that the Novaks advance him $12,000, half for themselves and half as a loan to him, and together they would buy a bloc of MAGIC stock. Baker seems to have helped four other friends – one the clerk of the Senate Banking Committee – to get in on MAGIC; in each case, the stock was mailed to them c/o Room F-80, the Capitol, Washington, D. C.

Baker and the Novaks bought their stock for $12,000 from the family of Walter Adams, a Michigan State University economist, who was grateful for his modest profit. Within a year, the stock was sold for $66,689, which should take care of the pretensions of academics to any superiority over politicians.

Most of these profits went to the account of the Carousel in which Novak, a builder, was Baker's partner. Alfred Novak died in 1962 (at which point Bobby Baker kindly offered his law partner, Ernest Tucker, to Mrs. Novak as the executor for the estate); the Carousel was overextended; Mrs. Novak was no longer able to meet her share of the Carousel mortgage payments and that burden fell completely on Bobby Baker's resources, financial and persuasive. Mrs. Novak was somewhat surprised to find that Bobby Baker always insisted on handing her the mortgage payments in cash; sometimes she counted it on his desk in Room F-80; once she went to Mrs. Baker who unlocked a file of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, where she is custodian, and took out $12,000.

Mrs. Novak remembered only one other duty she had performed for Carousel. When Ocean City was hit by a hurricane, Bobby Baker, so she reports, suggested that they apply for a disaster loan from the Small Business Administration. Baker wondered if she would call SBA just to check on the matter. She dutifully went to her office in the Small Business Committee, where she was a minor employee, and asked one of her superiors where she should call and he gave her a name and she called. Beyond that, she did nothing except ask the same Small Business Administration official how things were going on the occasions when

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he dropped into the office of the Senate Small Business Committee. After a while, the Carousel was granted a $53,000 disaster loan.

Nevertheless, affairs went so badly that Bobby Baker told her at last that they would have to sell the motel, and if the terms which were agreeable to him were not agreeable to her, he didn't see what he could do except sue the Novaks for the money they owed him by now. The buyer of Carousel was the Serv-U Corporation, in which Bobby Baker was a partner. Ernest Tucker, Mrs. Novak's lawyer, was chairman of the board. She felt a certain want of faith in a transaction where Ernest Tucker, as her counsel, was negotiating with Ernest Tucker as the purchaser; and so she told Bobby Baker that she thought she had better get another lawyer. He agreed quite graciously; even so, she ended accepting rather drastic terms. Serv-U assumed Carousel's debts and agreed to give her a promissory note for $63,000, payable, however, only from Carousel's profits. Bobby Baker seems to have paid back his own promissory note, which was for $184,000.

Mrs. Novak counted her loss from this particular joint venture at $63,000. She hoped that it wasn't true what she had read in the newspapers about Mr. Baker, although she did admit that all those cash transactions had made her wonder at the time.

Senator Pell asked her to give her definition of conflict of interest. "To me," she answered, "conflict of interest means that someone doesn't have concern for me and me alone. I didn't know that Mr. Tucker. . . ." The question took her mind back only to "all my hard-earned cash" and whether she could have trusted Ernest Tucker, as her lawyer, to preserve what little was left of it from Ernest Tucker, chairman of the board of Serv-U. Senator Pell, presumably, had been wondering about whether an employee of the Senate Small Business Committee should use the office for personal transactions with the Small Business Administration. That is not a notion of conflict of interest yet apt to arise in the minds even of victims of partnerships in the enterprises housed in Suite F-80 of the Capitol.

M.K.

To Our Readers

Alex Campbell this week joins The New Republic *as managing editor. Mr. Campbell was formerly Washington correspondent for* The *(London)* Economist *and is the author of* The Heart of Africa, The Heart of Japan *and* The Heart of India.

Liberals and Civil Rights

When a compromise Civil Rights Bill was reported out nearly a month ago with bipartisan approval (this being the bill the House will pass, once Chairman Smith of the Rules Committee has had his ritual weeks of obstruction), I pointed out in these pages (*NR*, November 16) that it was, on the whole and with one important exception, a worse bill than that originally introduced by the Administration last summer. And the wonder of it all was that the deterioration had taken place in the House Judiciary Subcommittee, where the liberals had put on a last-ditch, much-publicized fight for a "stronger," "harder," "tougher" bill. I am now, in the December 14 issue, in a letter from Mr. Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., taken to task for arriving at a conclusion that "is incredible to the more than 70 organizations of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights which unanimously believe their efforts have strengthened the original bill."

No doubt this is what they believe. Their efforts, after all, delayed the bill, making it practically impossible to obtain passage in the House before adjournment, and thus impossible to start the Senate fight first thing in January. Their efforts have been costly. It is not surprising that they unanimously believe them to have been worth while.

The compromise bill, Mr. Rauh argues, improves the original Kennedy Administration proposal by authorizing the Attorney General to intervene in police brutality cases. This is shadow. The Attorney General has not inconsiderable litigating power in many such cases under existing statutes. Only the other day he lost such a case before a Mississippi jury. In our federal system, this is a problem of heart-rending difficulty; it is very nearly insoluble, short of a federal take-over of the basic police function. The trouble is not merely that Southern juries are loath to convict; it is also that conviction after the fact cannot really effectively control future police behavior. As for preventive relief, how can a federal judge be expected to blueprint ahead of time just precisely what the police may or may not do in situations that are, necessarily, not precisely foreseeable? Police can be effectively controlled only by their own code, and by officers who command them in action. Many a Northern mayor has found that out. No doubt, it is worth trying to do something about the grossest kinds of abuses, and the provision Mr. Rauh mentions is surely harmless, and may even add something useful – though scarcely anything important – to existing federal authority. But it *is* a harmful illusion to speak of this provision as if, in Mr. Rauh's words, it would really "protect peaceful protesters against the clubs and fire hoses of local police."

The compromise bill, Mr. Rauh goes on, directs the

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Census Bureau to count voters in the South and thus lay the groundwork for a reduction of Southern representation in the House under the never-implemented second section of the Fourteenth Amendment. This is the shadow of a shadow; it is the merest posturing. In no conceivable circumstances can it become possible to implement this bit of shabby Reconstruction politics, and it would be profoundly wrong to do so in any event. It would amount, after all, to national acceptance, however grudging, of Southern *apartheid*. With their backs finally to the wall, the segregationist irreconcilables might buy it; no one else should. The object is not to let the South run a lily-white society, though in a kind of separatist, underprivileged status; the object is to enfranchise the Negro and have the South rejoin the Nation. In this provision, Mr. Rauh and the 70 organizations he refers to let off some steam.

Nothing else that Mr. Rauh mentions rises above the trivial, except for the FEPC that the compromise bill adds to the original Administration proposal, and I was at great pains in my earlier comments to hail this proposal. But, of course, as Attorney General Kennedy remarked, an FEPC bill could have have been offered separately, with the Administration's hearty approval, and without delaying the Omnibus Bill. On the debit side, there is the omission in the compromise bill of a new voting referee provision. But there is an existing referee provision, says Mr. Rauh, which federal judges in the South have never put into effect. Precisely. This one would have forced them to do so unless, as the proposed provision would have required, they were willing themselves actually to register Negro voters. And applications had to be heard within ten days of being filed. This was a proposal with teeth. It would not have brought in the millenium, but it meant something; it could have brought more and faster results in an area where results are obtainable by legal process.

Finally, there is the omission of the wide-ranging Community Relations Service, which in important ways was the heart of the original Administration bill. The President, says Mr. Rauh, can set one up by Executive Order, on his own, without Congressional authorization. Certainly he can. He can also on his own direct the Office of Education to perform some of the new functions the bill would give it; and he can set up a Civil Rights Commission of his own, and his own FEPC for that large sector of the economy that draws on federal money. But the object of the bill is to commit Congress to these policies, so that they can be executed on a larger scale (the contingency funds over which the President disposes independently are after all limited), more vigorously, and with more assurance of continuity. Mr. Rauh's point proves too much, or nothing at all. It does not explain, much less justify, the omission.

ALEXANDER M. BICKEL

FOREIGN REPORTS

CHINA: *"Us Blacks"*

★ Mr. Chou En-lai is said to be in Africa for two months to repair the lines of friendship broken off in the 17th Century by the colonial system of Europe. More pointedly, he will be seeking influence in some neutral countries and making a bid to outstrip declining Russian influence in others. The struggle for independence in southern Africa in recent months has hardened along racial lines and hence nationalists now may be thought to be more susceptible to the Chinese who go about addressing Africans as "Us Blacks" (as opposed to "European" Russians). On the other hand, there has been little indication from nationalist groups in Africa that they feel the need for such support from without.

Chou already has been to Egypt. His itinerary will include stop-overs with China's older allies – Ghana, Guinea, and Mali – and in Algeria, Morocco, Somalia and perhaps Tanganyika and the Sudan. High-ranking Chinese representatives attended the independence day celebrations in Kenya and Zanzibar.

The Chinese have been hard at work in Africa since 1956, at which time they had no diplomatic establishments. There are now Chinese missions in 10 countries. Peking radio broadcasts 10 hours of news each day aimed at Africa; the New China News Agency has offices in nine countries; troups of Chinese acrobats and dancers come and go; students, including some from the Portugese territories, are greeted in person by Chou when they land in Peking.

The Chinese have promised $140 million in loans and grants to Algeria, Ghana, Guinea, Mali, Somalia and the United Arab Republic, but little of this has been delivered. The intent of much of this aid is to subsidize the export to Africa of Chinese textiles and light industrial goods. Existing trade is not large: In 1962, imports to Africa from China were about $50 million. Exports, consisting largely of grains and cotton, totaled $30 million. The UAR which annually sells China $19.1 million in raw cotton and buys back tea, iron, steel bars and paper products worth $19.3 million is China's biggest trading partner in Africa. This trade dates from the Suez crisis.

In his dealings with individual African states Chou needs to move carefully. Not long ago he signed an agreement for technical and economic assistance with Ben Bella, but he also buys phosphates from Morocco which is Algeria's enemy in a boundary dispute. The Chinese also recently granted Somalia a $21 million loan, gave them $3 million outright as a gift, and of-

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fered military assistance which is needed to support Somalia's claims to northeastern Kenya, a country which the Chinese also are eagerly courting. (As soon as it became a member of the UN, Kenya urged the admission of China.)

While the Chinese seek to identify themselves with the nationalist movements in southern Africa, they buy each year more than $1 million in grain from the Republic of South Africa which one might suppose would not endear them with Africans who have been diligently trying to cut off trade between South Africa and the rest of the world. Certainly it would seem a bit odd since only recently African nationalists in the British protectorates within South Africa were reported to be receiving training and aid from the Chinese to foster rebellion against Dr. Verwoerd.

Even her more devoted allies, Ghana and Guinea, have had to put up with embarrassment at the hands of the Chinese. A corps of 5,000 technicians and agricultural experts promised by Chou to aid Guinea never showed up. China's $19 million loan to Ghana has not produced significant results.

Nor can the Africans be expected to show much sympathy towards the bellicose position the Chinese have taken towards the test ban treaty since all African countries have approved the treaty.

Perhaps the most dramatic effect of Chinese influence on Africa occurs in the UN. Ghana and Guinea have been urging Peking to support African demands for greater representation in the UN's councils. This has not met with clear-cut success, but it has resulted in riveting the UN's attention on Peking, which can only increase her tactical advantage as the absent power which must be consulted.

THAILAND: *The Missing Balance*

★ For five years Field Marshal Sarit Thanarat gave Thailand stability and the best government it has had since the end of the Second World War. Because of the curious nature of Thai power politics, however, it would be excessively optimistic to expect that the same even tenor will be maintained now that he is dead. His 52-year-old successor, General Thanon Kittikachorn, is a man of integrity. His misfortune is that power in Thailand is not absolute but a matter of balance. The system calls for a triumvirate, and now there is only a diarchy. Pridi Phanomyong held power after the Second World War by balancing the Navy against the Army. Pibul, who seized power from him, eliminated the Navy as a significant element in the power structure and created a paramilitary police force in its stead. By playing Sarit's Army against General Phao's police, he survived until Phao's own ambitions grew too great and the corrupt police chief, once accurately described as the worst man in the whole history of Thailand, had to be cut down to size.

Pibul's fatal error was to cut him down so far that Phao did not recover, giving Sarit the main chance, which he was only too happy to seize.

To the surprise of most people who knew him before the *coup d'etat* that displaced Pibul in September, 1957, and the *coup* within a *coup* a year later which established him as the country's strong man, Field Marshal Sarit proved, by Southeast Asia's standards, an extremely good leader.

Though constantly in ill-health, he worked tirelessly and effectively. In deference to his cirrhosis of the liver and a kidney disease which eventually cost him his life, he even abandoned alcohol after a career dedicated to the pursuit of brandy. He seemed determined to store up merit in the next world and to make amends for his misspent youth by throwing himself wholeheartedly into the business of government.

Under his authoritarian but not unpopular leadership, Thailand prospered. He used a beautiful queen to restore the popular appeal of monarchy. He wiped out some of the more obvious corruption. And, despite occasional doubts about the future, Thailand's pro-Westernism was genuine and helpful.

The problem now for Thailand is that though the new Prime Minister is an excellent man, he has little feel for politics. General Thanom moved from the Army into political life reluctantly and did not fare well as Prime Minister under Sarit after the 1957 *coup d'etat*. In fact, it was largely his failure at this time that led Sarit to take over the active conduct of affairs himself.

The Minister of Interior, General Praphas, is a very different sort of man. Opportunistic, ambitious and potentially dangerous, he could lead to much trouble for Thailand in the not-too-distant future. Thanom is a man of reason; Praphas is an adventurer, a rabble-rouser. Once Thanom tried earnestly to find a solution to the border problems with Cambodia. A settlement would certainly have led to a much healthier situation in the region than exists now. His efforts were frustrated, however, by Praphas, who instigated a protest demonstration against Cambodia which turned into a riot and eventually had to be suppressed by his own police force.

The possibility that Thanom can step completely into Sarit's shoes is remote. Lacking the checks and balances that permitted his predecessors to govern with considerable freedom, he will need to spend an undue proportion of his time, even by Thai standards, in guarding his flanks. Predictably, it will not be long before there is talk of another *coup*.

It is scarcely a happy position. With the situation

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deteriorating in Laos, and Cambodia sadly disillusioned by the West and incensed with its neighbors, a weakening of the Thai position can only contribute to the current chaos and advance the timetable for Communist trouble in Thailand's dangerous northeast.

SOVIET UNION: *More Chemicals*

★ Once again Mr. Khrushchev has issued an invitation for foreign investment in the chemical industry. In May of 1958 he urged Soviet purchases of chemical plants and technological processes from the West, at the same time promising increased domestic concentration on chemical production. Now as then, Soviet buyers are told to shop for low bidders. Sellers must be prepared to extend credits.

American chemical firms now sell the Soviet Union products which cannot be used for military purposes and are not, therefore, considered of strategic importance. The Commerce Department, which must approve export licenses for such sales, does not keep figures on the size of this trade. Western European firms, specifically the huge complexes of Montecatini and Krupp, have done considerable business with the Russians.

While Premier Khrushchev's emphasis on boosting chemical production has been linked with the need for fertilizers, Soviet officials themselves say they have the capacity to produce fertilizer without foreign aid. The problem apparently is not producing more of it, but transporting it to the fields. Indeed, much of the foreign chemical investment in the past has been to increase production of synthetic chemicals used in making cloth and cord fibers, plastic pipes and rubber, products used in heavy as well as light industry. Thus more investments in chemicals need not mean that agricultural products which include fertilizers will claim a greater share of Soviet capital outlay.

While the Soviet Union has to grow more wheat – mostly for livestock feed – a more basic agricultural need is the reallocation of crops. Khrushchev's Virgin Lands policy aims to shift the wheat crop from the Ukraine into Central Asia, permitting him to grow corn crops in the Ukraine, and these in turn might eventually replace wheat as less expensive and better feed for livestock. The demands of the Soviet people are not so much for more bread but for meat and meat products.

THE TRIAL OF TEN SOUTH AFRICANS ON CHARGES OF SABOTAGE

"I Plead Not Guilty"

Cape Town

The trial of 10 South Africans on charges of sabotage has opened in the Supreme Court, Pretoria. Six of the accused are Africans, three are whites, and one is an Indian. The case against them is that they plotted to commit sabotage, violence and destruction, as a prelude to guerrilla warfare, armed invasion, and the violent overthrow of the government. The State intends calling 200 witnesses, and this will take the trial deep into 1964. The minimum sentence for a sabotage conviction is five years' imprisonment. The maximum is death.

The sabotage trial is different from the marathon treason trial which the State launched toward the end of 1956. It has 10 accused, whereas the treason trial had 156 accused. It is a summary trial, whereas the treason trial was preceded by a lengthy preparatory examination. In treason cases, too, each alleged act must be proved by the evidence of two witnesses, and intent must be proved. Under the 1962 Sabotage Act, however, the State does not need to produce two witnesses for each alleged act, and sabotage is defined widely as any wrongful or wilful act whereby a person injures, damages, obstructs, tampers with, etc., the safety of the public, the maintenance of law and order, any postal, telephone or telegraph service, any property, etc. The onus is on the accused to prove "that the commission of the alleged offense, objectively regarded, was not calculated and was not committed with intent. . . ."

The sabotage trial follows a police raid on the Rivonia (Johannesburg) home of Arthur Goldreich, who subsequently escaped and is now in Britain. The Rivonia home, according to the State prosecutor, was bought for £12,500 for its "seclusion." Six of the per-

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sons arrested there, and Nelson Mandela, ex-African National Congress leader already serving a jail sentence, are alleged to be members of a "National High Command" and to have conducted operations (including a "freedom radio") from the Rivonia dwelling. The South African Communist Party, the African National Congress, and its sabotage-practicing offshoot, Spear of the Nation, are named as partaking in the conspiracy.

The National High Command is alleged to have recruited persons for instruction and training in preparing, manufacturing and using explosives; it is also alleged to have bought a secluded property 30 miles from Johannesburg, where an explosives workshop was to be established. The "production requirements" of the National High Command, said the State prosecutor, were 210,000 hand grenades, 48,000 anti-personnel mines, 1,500 time devices for bombs, 144 tons of ammonium nitrate, 21.6 tons of aluminum powder, and 15 tons of black powder. Experts would tell the court that these "production requirements" were sufficient to blow up a city the size of Johannesburg.

The police found 106 maps at Rivonia, said the State Prosecutor, marked with proposed sabotage targets. These included police stations, post offices, electric power stations and lines, pylons, railway lines, telephone lines and cables. Two persons (not among the accused – one is in exile and the other in jail) toured South Africa, recruiting and training "picked men" to be placed in charge of local technical committees, which would prepare and employ explosives. The next step was to recruit young Africans and others for training in Africa in sabotage and guerrilla warfare. Escape routes out of the country were planned, and as much as £15,000 was paid for chartered escape planes. Some of the recruits would give evidence, said the State prosecutor.

Sabotage began in August, 1961, and there were regular acts thereafter; after this first stage of "chaos, disorder and turmoil," a second stage of guerrilla warfare would be introduced, with thousands of guerrilla units deployed throughout the country; finally, military units of foreign countries would invade South Africa – documents would be produced in court to show that Nelson Mandela traveled extensively and had talks with leaders of African and European states, "who will be named in evidence in due course." Support was promised by, among others, Russia, and money was given by sympathizers and supporters in Algeria, Ethiopia, Liberia, Nigeria and Tunisia.

The sabotage trial comes at the end of a year of political trials in South Africa – 78 since January, involving sentences (of death, 25 years' imprisonment, and less) on 700 South Africans. At present, a further 300 South Africans of all races face political charges. Last year the tough, new Minister of Justice, Mr. John Vorster, appointed by Dr. Verwoerd, vowed that he would smash "subversive movements" and show them no mercy. He kept his word. The Security Branch of the South African police has been vastly expanded, and its methods vastly improved. Today, non-white resistance to government policies, especially violent resistance, is at its lowest level ever. The major African organizations are banned, there is hardly a leader of any stature who is not in exile, or in jail, or under a restriction order, and if anything is brewing under the surface it is in the face of overwhelming odds.

The year 1963 has been a year of violence in South Africa. It reflects the abandonment by the major African organizations of the policy of non-violence. In the early part of the year, the police uncovered a plot by the banned Pan-Africanist Congress, or rather by its terrorist offshoot Poqo, to stage an uprising. Judging by the evidence given in the series of trials which followed, the whole plan was amateurish and the weapons crude. Poqo seems to be truly smashed, at least for the time being. Then the police turned their attention to the banned African National Congress, an older and more experienced body than the Pan-Africanist Congress (the latter is a breakaway body). The Rivonia raid was claimed as a *coup* against the African National Congress, and its associated organizations.

That is why the Pretoria sabotage trial is attracting so much attention. The State alleges that the accused who formed the "National High Command" were, in fact, plotting civil war aimed at the overthrow of the Nationalist government. When the 10 accused were asked to plead, Nelson Mandela (number one accused), an attorney and formerly an amateur boxer, said loudly: "The government should be in the dock. I plead not guilty." Walter Sisulu then said: "The government is responsible for what has happened in this country. I plead not guilty." The judge intervened to say: "I do not want political speeches." But the rest, with the exception of James Kantor, made almost precisely the same short statement.

As the accused filed into court, from the basement cells, a plain-clothes policeman accompanies each one and sits behind him. The entrances to the court are guarded by armed police.

One of the first witnesses has complained that he was hit and kicked by policemen. He said he was still suffering the effect in his right ear and a top front tooth was loose. The judge ordered the State prosecutor to inquire into the allegation. The witness, an African, said the alleged assault had not affected the truth of his evidence, but "when a person is being 'killed', then he can't speak as he would have wanted to speak if he had not been suffering pain." The trial is proceeding.

STANLEY UYS

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The Vanities of Otto Passman

by Murray Kempton

Late in that long unfriendly Monday afternoon the House of Representatives spent with the foreign-aid bill, Samuel Gibbons, a Democrat from Florida, asked an innocent freshman's question of Otto Passman (D, La.), who was exercising the function, unique to the American legislative system, of being at once reporteur and saboteur of the bill in his custody.

He had listened to Passman through 48 minutes, Gibbons said, and had not heard a friendly word about foreign aid. Would the chairman of the foreign-aid subcommittee vote for the bill he had introduced? Otto Passman answered that he had been shepherd of this legislation for nine years now and that, if Gibbons were not so new, he would have learned long ago that Passman will never have anything good to say about foreign aid. Still it is a chairman's duty to vote for any bill he brings to the floor and he would do his duty.

A larger complement of Congressmen than usual were in their seats to hear Otto Passman explain why he had cut $800 million from the $3.6 billion foreign-aid budget authorized by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. They came early, even though they would not need to vote for at least two hours, because Otto Passman amuses them. The House's notion of high comedy is Otto Passman, just as its notion of high tragedy is John Byrnes swearing that he did not profit from a political favor and promising that he will now give the money back.

There had been reports in the morning that President Johnson would mount some resistance to the foreign-aid cuts. But the absence of Speaker McCormack and Majority Leader Albert from the commencement of debate was a signal that the reality of legislative custom had argued too strongly against the illusion of magical Executive improvisation. Mr. Johnson apparently proposes to work his wonders with the Congress as he used to work them with the Senate, by occasional deferential submersions of his own large vanity into a pool of the petty vanities of others. In this spirit Passman would have his way on the floor; and the Administration would, in return, trust him to consent in the Senate-House conference to give back half the $800 million he had taken away. The government of the United States has become a process where the Congress will give the President what he thinks he needs to have, but not openly; only somewhere under a bridge in the dark of night.

In the light of day, Congress provides no effective way to debate Otto Passman. After nine years as subcommittee chairman, he knows more about foreign aid than any Congressman who might rise to challenge him. The House system defers to senior specialists; and Otto Passman is the classic case of the specialist who, as often as not, is against the thing he has made his specialty.

"I hope my health holds out so I can go on doing this thing," he told the House. "Those people downtown can work more tricks on ye' than a circus monkey."

"It's gonna break us if we don't bring it under control. We have only one foreign policy – the checkbook."

"More heads of state have been assassinated and more governments have been overthrown since we began foreign aid than in the previous 75 years, because we gave them something to fight for." (Laughter.)

In past years, Passman confessed, he had been all too casual about giving the people downtown all the money they had asked for aid to the United Nations. "We were hunting bigger game, so we gave them those cats and dogs." But this year he had managed to cut $36 million from the UN aid program.

As for the Peace Corps, he guessed he was a sourpuss because he had to stay at home when he'd like one of those vacations these kids are getting.

"It's a great program, they say. These kids are going to save the world. That Shriver I never saw a better salesman. He could get me to believe that a $3 bill is completely legal and if you don't think so all you got to do is try to pass it and he works on the you-ask-more-than-you-need system and last year he gave us back $3.9 million and they acted like they wanted us to give them a party and this year he asked a hunnert and eight million and I recommended 89 million and believe it or not he grabbed it."

He was running through his cherished imitation of the tobacco auctioneer and the House yielded as it always does to laughter. Sargent Shriver knows the game: Otto Passman is a man you let have his fun and he will give you whatever you want. He finished to a standing ovation and that night went to the stenographer and expunged all the above pleasantries from the record and substituted great sober chunks from his subcommittee report in their place. His vanity com-

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mands him to be a clown on the floor and a statesman in print. That vanity would have been terrible in affront if the Administration had tried to fight him on the floor. At the first challenge – it came mostly from minor Republicans – his response was a warning. The House, he said, might remember that the UN had given technical assistance to Cuba, "but I won't go into that or you won't give anything."

He had the Administration at the mercy of his vanity, of course; and its legislative captains fled the floor in deference to Hilaire Belloc's tested dictum that it is best to always keep ahold of nurse for fear of finding something worse. Donald Fraser, a Minnesota freshman Democrat, offered an amendment to restore $30 million of the UN cuts. Only the backbenchers supported him.

"For the first time," Congressman Sylvio Conte, a Massachusetts Republican, warned the House, "the Congress is on the verge of repudiating the United Nations. This is hardly the present we should be giving the President to carry with him to the United Nations."

The first mention of Mr. Johnson's needs and desires had come from a Republican. Peter Freylinghuysen of New Jersey asked Passman to say just where he thought the fat was in the President's UN request. That small challenge was enough to harden the subcommittee chairman's humor. "I tried to protect this item as much as I could," he replied, "with exposing some of its hypocrisies and weaknesses. But may I say. . . ." He was lifting the veil from that asperity whose peril had kept the Democratic leaders from the arena and left Lyndon Johnson to be defended by their juniors. When they had said their pieces, Mr. Passman disposed of them by expressing the hope that the United Nations is not yet writing the laws of the land, and the resistance trailed through for the teller's vote and the UN cuts were approved 127 to 99.

And in the Cloakrooms

Then Paul Findley of Illinois offered an amendment to forbid the Export-Import Bank to underwrite loans from shipments to the Communist countries. This was a duplicate of Karl Mundt's bill to deny the Russians the terms they want for the wheat loan. The Senate had rejected the Mundt amendment after the Administration had sent over a posthumous letter of opposition from Mr. Kennedy. Now the time for sentiment was over. Passman had promised, all the same, to oppose the Mundt amendment, and he spoke against it in the language available to a man who was plainly doing his duty to his pledge more than to his conscience. Still his vanity sustained him through heroic efforts on the teller vote and when he managed to stop the amendment with a 131-131 tie vote, there was the small suspicion that he had counted one of his sheep twice.

These prodigies did him no good; just before the final roll-call in the House, Findley moved again for a vote on the wheat-loan ban. Passman could find nothing good to say for the Export-Import Bank beyond the warning that an amendment limiting its powers might produce enough trouble in the Senate-House conference to keep everybody in Washington over Christmas. He then yielded for a roll-call. McCormack and Albert, since things were out of the hands of nurse and it was their job now to avoid something worse, came to the floor to rally their party; their whips began canvassing the cloakrooms. "I let some of the fellows sit there," one whip said afterwards. "I could tell by looking at them that, if I got them to the floor, they'd vote against us." In the end the House of Representatives had cast a 218-169 vote, whose essential effect was disapproval of that wheat loan which is one of Mr. Kennedy's memorials.

Passman is a man who can be dealt with; for these acts of deference in public, Mr. Johnson can expect to get back half his losses in conference; and the Christmas spirit of exodus can be trusted to keep the House from insisting on the Export-Import wheat-loan ban. The Administration, out of respect for Otto Passman, asked for more than it needed and can make do with what it will get. Once, when he was being accused of having too seriously damaged the UN aid budget, Passman answered that he had left the President a contingency fund from which any shortages could be met; if he was giving the game away, no one bothered to say so. The game is to let the Executive have its cash and the Congress to have the credit for resistance.

It may be argued that the country is better off for the devices which prevent Congress from working a will so plainly confused when it is not malignant. Still we do have a foreign aid program which satisfies no one, including many of the persons who administer it. It is an issue and an area where a wise and careful Congress could be of genuine service. Instead the Congress gives over responsibility for study and consideration to an essentially trivial man who will surrender real power to the Executive so long as it permits him the rhetoric. It is argued that the House of Representatives has damaged the country by its persistence in negation. But the real point is that this habit has damaged the House of Representatives more than it has anything else. Negation, long indulged, renders any institution impotent. The House can no longer offer any alternative to Executive discretion on matters truly critical; its attitude has, in fact, turned government into a series of private compacts to do what has to be done without admitting that it is being done. And what should be serious debate ends as only a saber dance. The Congress is content with the gestures; it has surrended to the President what power there is for substantial action.

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Peace in Our Time?

Nuclear Weapons as a Stabilizer

by Louis J. Halle

From 1945 until the middle 1950's the United States had a monopoly of the means to wage nuclear war. Then a long-dreaded change took place. The Soviet Union, which had produced its first nuclear explosion in 1949, also acquired such means.

The Soviet Union was considered, at the time, to be overwhelmingly superior to the United States and its allies in the strength of its ground forces. On the European front NATO, with some 20 divisions, confronted Communist divisions estimated at 200 or more. The expectation, based on an altogether plausible process of reasoning, had been that once the Soviet Union was able to deter the United States from the use of its nuclear armament by the retaliatory power of a rival nuclear armament, it would be free to use its superior conventional forces without the fear of a nuclear *riposte* that had inhibited their use up to then. Before the Soviet Union had become a nuclear power there had been an equilibrium of sorts, the American nuclear panoply balancing the Russian superiority in ground forces. Now, with the American nuclear panoply neutralized, the balance had been upset, the Russian divisions had been released from the restraint that the American nuclear monopoly had imposed on them. Moscow would be free to move forward again on all fronts. How, under these new circumstances, would it be possible to continue the containment of the expanding Soviet empire? How would it be possible to continue holding West Berlin, or to continue the exclusion of the Soviet Union from the Middle East, the Mediterranean and Africa? Presumably, the West, taking a realistic view of the power balance, would now have no prudent choice but to retreat before Soviet diplomatic pressures at points within range of the Red Army if not elsewhere as well.

This reasoning was plausible, in Moscow no less than in the Western capitals. The years that have since elapsed, however, have proved that it was wrong. Again, as so often in international affairs, we see how an abstract and *a priori* logic may be a poor guide to reality.

What lesson should we draw, now, from the experience of reality over the years since the Soviet Union effectively broke our nuclear monopoly?

At the First Quebec Conference in 1943, Sir John Anderson, then Head of the Scientific Research Committee of the British War Cabinet, told Canadian Prime Minister Mackenzie King that atomic bombs "will give control of the world to whatever country obtains them first." Two years later the United States became the country to obtain them first; but there was never any prospect that they would, in fact, give it control of the world. For whatever reason, the American nuclear monopoly did not prevent the Soviet challenge to the West and the consequent development of the Cold War. It did not prevent the seizure of Czechoslovakia, the blockade of Berlin, the Communist victory in China, or the aggression against the Republic of Korea. Above all, that monopoly did not prevent the Soviet Union from proceeding overtly, over a period of years, with the development of a rival nuclear establishment that would break it; nor did it at any time seem feasible to the responsible authorities in Washington to use the nuclear monopoly for its own preservation by threatening or actually fighting a preventive war.

True, if our American monopoly did not serve to prevent the moves against Berlin and Korea, it did contribute to their frustration. Where there was a military confrontation, the existence of nuclear weapons in the background appears to have been effective for the defense, at least, of positions considered vital. Experience suggests, however, that their existence, even as a monopoly, can hardly serve to establish positive control over the behavior of nations throughout the world. Sir John was wrong in his statement to the Prime Minister.

There is reason to believe that he would have been wrong even if Hitler's Germany or Stalin's Russia had been the first to obtain the bomb – although in such a case there would have been fewer constitutional and moral inhibitions on its use. It is simply too powerful a weapon to serve as a sanction in daily use, or to serve for the enforcement of one's will in any but the most extraordinary cases. The United States could not use it to keep a democratic government in power in Latin America or to obtain free entry into the Common Mar-

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ket for American frozen chickens; Moscow could not use it to gain the allegiance of the Sudanese or to sell military equipment to the Egyptians. Someone has observed that the use of hand-grenades to destroy mosquitoes in one's living-room is impracticable.

We may suppose that by 1956, if not sooner, Moscow had developed for itself the means, already possessed by Washington, of intercontinental devastation. Its behavior in the following years shows that it, too, believed that in breaking the American monopoly it had neutralized the American deterrent to its own conventional forces, thereby decisively changing the balance of power in its own favor. As its actions now demonstrated, it believed that it could proceed forthwith to register that change, expanding the area of its hegemony and influence by a diplomacy of threat. Its consequent attempt to do so, however, suggests that this logic was as wrong as the logic according to which American control of the world should have gone with the American nuclear monopoly.

Defensive Diplomacy

Beginning in 1956, Moscow moved vigorously to get the Western allies out of Berlin, to spread its influence in the Middle East, and to expand the area of its hegemony elsewhere as well. This was the beginning of the six-year period in which many Westerners, seeing their countries faced with a choice between the acceptance of Soviet expansion and nuclear devastation, began to argue that it was better to be Red than dead. We can now see, however, that the choice we faced was not so limited. Although explicitly threatened by Mr. Khrushchev with nuclear devastation as the alternative, neither the United States nor its allies gave way at Berlin. On the contrary, they prepared themselves for the grim contingency of a military struggle over the approaches to Berlin, thereby persuading Moscow, at last, to withdraw its challenge. In the Middle East and North Africa, the Soviet leaders found that the new nations, while willing to play Moscow off against the West, were not prepared to hazard their newly-acquired independence by accepting its embrace. Moscow's attempt to project its influence into the center of Africa, by its intervention of 1960 in the Congo, produced a humiliating setback. Finally, the attempt to establish a Soviet nuclear base in Cuba was decisively frustrated in October, 1962.

The frustration of Moscow's successive attempts to profit from its newly-acquired nuclear power, beginning with the Suez crisis of 1956 and continuing through the Cuban crisis of 1962, supplied confirmation of the earlier evidence, provided by American frustrations, that the uses of a nuclear panoply to strengthen one's diplomacy are limited. The deterrent effect of Moscow's new nuclear power ministered, presumably, to its security in its home territory and in other territory under its control. Presumably it strengthened the defense of the interests it obviously considered vital, the interests for which it might be expected to risk national suicide. But it could not be used to add to the Soviet empire even the isolated and beleagured Western half of Berlin.

Moreover, just as United States nuclear power could not prevent China's defection from its traditional association with the United States, so Soviet nuclear power could not, a decade later, prevent China's defection from its new association with the Soviet Union. Moscow, like Washington, learned the lesson that the diplomatic uses of a nuclear panoply are limited largely to situations in which one is defending, against external attack, a *status quo* considered vital. A nuclear panoply cannot prevent the internal disintegration of such a *status quo*, and it does not perceptibly reinforce a diplomacy aimed at conquest. In other words, it serves the purpose of a defensive rather than an offensive diplomacy.

This is the principal lesson of the world's experience so far in the diplomatic uses of nuclear power. It is a good lesson, and one must hope that it has now been well learned.

A related effect of experience since 1956 has been the enforcement of sobriety on all those who have the means to blow up the world. In a confrontation of two nuclear powers, both sobered by their mutual possession of such cataclysmic armaments, the one that does not have its own vital defense at stake must be the first to retreat. This is what happened at Cuba.

Today there is a general recognition in the West and in Moscow that a great nuclear war must absolutely be avoided. This has an inhibiting effect on the resort

Lenin on Violence in the Nuclear Age

"I, too, understand that all human conceptions are on the scale of our planet. They are based on the assumption that technical potentials, when developed to the full, will not go beyond 'terrestrial limits'. If we arrive at establishing interplanetary communications we must revise all our philosophical, social and moral conceptions. In that case the technical potentials, having become unlimited, will impose upon us the end of violence as a means and method of progress." [Requoted in Science, *October 2, 1959, pp. 850-1, taken from a* Paris Presse *story attributed to Lenin in a conversation with H. G. Wells, after having read one of Wells' science-fiction novels.]*

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to limited war as well – even where one's non-nuclear forces have a decisive superiority – since there are few places in the world where the unambiguous resort to any limited war would not entail an important risk that, by getting out of control, it would eventuate in a great nuclear war. A war in Europe, specifically, has become unthinkable as a deliberate resort. Even if an uprising in East Germany, getting out of control, involved some fighting between Eastern and Western forces, I would expect Moscow and Washington to get together and stop that fighting very quickly. It follows that a superiority in conventional forces may not be safely usable in a world of nuclear armaments.

The inhibitions on the resort to war have become clearer and therefore more effective since 1956. As the offensive has become too dangerous, defensive positions have become more secure. The *status quo* has tended to become stabilized. Under these circumstances, changes can take place safely only if they are allowed to come about gradually, under the prudent ministrations of those on both sides of any issue. The new telephone line between the White House and the Kremlin is a symbol of all this.

In 1956 we were still in the habit of assuming that Moscow had in mind the military conquest of Western Europe, that the Red Army was straining at the leash. Our alarm at the westward advance of the Soviet Union from 1945 to 1948 was still fresh. That alarm was, as we see it now, excessive; for the burden of occupying Eastern Europe was probably heavy enough to dissuade Moscow from adding the burden of occupying Western Europe as well.

Whether to Retaliate

An essential factor in such dissuasion, however, was surely the strength and determination of the West in its own defense. The point may be made by a citation from Milovan Djilas's *Conversations with Stalin*. At the time of the Greek Civil War, none of us in the West had had any doubt that Stalin was promoting the attempt of the Greek Communist guerrillas, based in Yugoslavia, to capture and communize Greece. It now appears that we were wrong. Djilas reports that at a meeting in Moscow in 1948 Stalin scolded the Yugoslav Foreign Minister, Edvard Kardelj, because of the support Yugoslavia was giving the Greek Communists, and he demanded that it withdraw that support. The reasoning behind Stalin's demand, however, took the following form, as Djilas reports him: "What, do you think that Great Britain and the United States – the United States, the most powerful state in the world – will permit you to break their line of communication in the Mediterranean? Nonsense. And we have no Navy. The uprising in Greece must be stopped, and as quickly as possible."

The defensive strength of the West was then, and remains, a decisive factor in the self-restraint of the Soviet Union. We have erected defenses against what the Soviet Union does not desire to do; but the Soviet Union does not desire to do it precisely because we have erected defenses against it.

For 18 years we have had to face the fact that the advent of nuclear weapons has brought about the decisive supremacy of offensive power over defensive power in war. We have had to face the fact that there is no effective defense, in being or in sight, against a well-mounted strategic attack with nuclear weapons. Presumably this is true when it comes to actual military operations. However, over the whole range of international politics, in which military combat is but one device, the advent of nuclear weapons has had the opposite effect. It has strengthened the defense and hobbled the offense. The very fact that there is no defense against nuclear attack is what makes nuclear power a deterrent of aggression. The very fact that the possibilities of military defense have practically disappeared is what tends to make the political defense supreme.

This development since 1945 has not made the international world stable as yet, but it has at least brought about its progressive stabilization. New situations will undoubtedly arise to destabilize it again. If India or China should suddenly fall into chaos, or if anarchy should spread over Africa, or if Eastern Europe should revolt, or if there should be a general economic collapse as in the 1930's, or if a struggle for the succession in Moscow should get out of control, the whole world might find itself facing disaster. If irresponsible governments should acquire nuclear panoplies of their own it might find itself facing disaster. We shall surely continue to live dangerously. Since we cannot, however, deal with most problems until they arise, we have little choice but to be content with those that beset us in our own present.

I conclude by noting what seems to me the heart of the strategic problem today. It lies in a contradiction that for the moment is irresolvable. On the one hand, the destructiveness of a great nuclear panoply is such that no government in possession of one would ever be justified in making military use of it. On the other hand, no government in possession of one can dispense with the threat, implicit or otherwise, of making such use of it. I believe it to be literally true that there is no occasion on which the United States would be rationally justified in firing its great nuclear weapons at the territory of an enemy. Even if one supposed that Moscow had launched a massive nuclear attack on the United States, it would almost surely be more rational to negotiate than to retaliate in kind. On the other hand, even though Washington should come to the conclusion that

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under no circumstances would it ever fire its nuclear warheads, its survival and the survival of its allies would still depend on the belief of any powerful rival in the possibility that it would fire them. It is not easy to get out of this dilemma without resort to wishful thinking.

If the military use of the great strategic panoplies is not to be rationally justified in any circumstances, it follows that any strategic plans involving such use must be less than rational. This should be kept in mind when we read criticisms of the alternative plans that are made. Critics pointed out that the strategy of "massive retaliation," set forth by Secretary of State Dulles on January 22, 1954, was irrational, as it surely was. When a contrary strategy was set forth by Secretary of Defense McNamara, in an address at Ann Arbor, Michigan, on June 16, 1962, some of the same critics again noted that it was irrational – and, again, it surely was. The point these critics may have missed, however, is the one made here: that any strategy which they or anyone else could devise for actually firing the great nuclear weapons in combat must in some measure, at least, be irrational. And yet, such a strategy has to be devised because it is not now possible to dispense with the contingent threat of actually firing such dread nuclear weapons.

If the United States destroyed its nuclear panoply today the world would, I think, quickly become unstabilized; there would be spreading chaos leading to far-flung warfare and, in all likelihood, the use of nuclear weapons by some nation that, unlike the United States, had not thrown them away. Perhaps the destruction by the Soviet Union of its military panoply would not have a like effect, but I think it would be hard to convince Moscow of this.

A more precise word for peace, in terms of the practical world, is stability – not the stability of an eternally frozen *status quo* but the maintenance of stability in the inevitable process of secular change. Today the great nuclear panoplies are essential elements in such stability as exists. Our present purpose must be to continue the process of learning how to live with them.

Boycotting Cuba

Whose Interest Does It Serve?

by Jean Daniel

The day of my arrival in Santiago de Cuba marked the beginning of a week-long demonstration of Cuban solidarity with the Venezuelan insurgents. It was Sunday. From the high portico of the Spanish cathedral a large number of young women – waiting for mass to begin and dressed for the beach except for their mantilla-draped hair – gazed at huge banners on the other side of the little square, describing the "martyrdom" of the Venezuelan people. These banners were displayed above an information office of the United Party of the Socialist Revolution – Fidel Castro's party.

People sauntering in the street would stop to stare at photographs depicting – according to the inscriptions – atrocities committed "by Betancourt's legions against Venezuelan patriots"; then they would shake their heads and pass on, finally settling down in the rocking chairs on the terrace of the hurricane-ravaged Grand Hotel, where they would get a shoeshine while perusing the paper and sipping guava, mango or papaya juice. (On this particular morning the coffee had not yet been distributed.)

The "solidarity of the Cuban and the Venezuelan people" was the subject of proclamations over the radio, on television and in newsreels. Allusions were made to Guatemala, where the 1954 uprising had been crushed in a few days; then to the Cuban Revolution, which was preparing to celebrate its fifth anniversary – all in an effort to believe that this time the Venezuelans' struggle might end in victory.

The reception accorded this campaign was varied, depending on the part of the island. In Oriente Province, where the impact of the hurricane was especially disastrous and the thousand-and-one problems of daily existence had become so pressing, it cannot be said

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that interest amounted to more than casual sympathy.

Nevertheless, an old Bayamo peasant with a lined face who was the superintendent of a "people's farm" and who later offered me coffee in the one room where he lived with his pregnant wife, seemed much concerned. "If the United States [the 'Yankees'] should intervene in Venezuela," he said, "they won't stop there." On wooden shelves there were yellowed fragments of old issues of the *Reader's Digest*, and a book which he handed to me: *Fundamental Principles of the Marxist Philosophy*, a 900-page work by Constantinov. I smiled, and he reacted immediately: "Of course, I can't understand this book. You see, I only learned to read a short time ago. A young 'comrade' from the city taught me to read last year during the literacy campaign. But every now and then I read a sentence or two. . . ."

I answered that something else had caused me to smile: I had arrived in Santiago from Havana in an Ilyushin-14 airplane; I had taken a Czech bus from Santiago to Bayamo; except for Melville's *Moby Dick*, I had seen nothing but translations of Russian works in the windows of bookstores and on the counters of newsstands in Bayamo. And now, here, in this remote valley farm, I find a manual of Marxist philosophy.

My peasant friend was not in the least embarrassed. He asked me if the Ilyushin plane had flown well and if the Czech bus had taken me where I wanted to go. Twirling his mustache in a roguish gesture, he said: "That's not all, either. During the hurricane, I don't know what would have become of us without the Soviet helicopters. And take note, please: they were piloted by 20-year-old Cubans. Furthermore, if you go into a drugstore, you will find medicine and drugs from the Socialist countries on sale there. In time of illness it is most helpful to have these things. And let me tell you something: if other countries would like to send us planes, buses, books, medical supplies, I quote Fidel, we are prepared to gratefully welcome everything. We aren't the ones who are creating the blockade."

I asked this stolid farmer whether he was a Communist; humbly he replied that he was not yet educated enough for that, but perhaps if the farm for which he was responsible did well, then the "comrades" might admit him into their midst. I asked him what Communism meant to him; he told me that it consisted of jointly sharing all the island's problems, and of not letting the North Americans make Cuba's laws. He added that this was what the Venezuelans were fighting for. I then tried to tell him that the United States was engaged in a test of strength with the Russians; that it feared the expansion of Russian influence and according to the Americans the issue was no longer simply Cuba or Venezuela, but of world war. At this the peasant smiled and remarked calmly: "Those Americans always have a good excuse to hold onto sugar or oil."

"They Don't Have a Fidel"

Later, we went into the dining hall of the collective farm and shared a meal with some 60 workers. The dinner consisted of an abundant serving of greasy rice dished up with black beans and two pieces of meat floating in the mixture. When we were through eating, the workers gathered around us. As they stood there listening to their superintendent explain about our interview, these Cubans with their straw hats and intermixture of Haitian blood, reminded me of one of Diego Rivera's Mexican murals. Then they answered my questions. How much did they earn? Between one and two and a half dollars a day. This was a lot more than before, but since the cost of living had risen so much, was their purchasing power really greater? Yes, because before they only worked during the sugar-cane harvest season, whereas now they worked the year around. Are living conditions fairly difficult? Smiling, they replied: somewhat. Are they afraid of an American invasion? No, because the Russians are standing guard. Do they hate the Americans? No. The 3,000 workers still employed at the American naval base in Guantanamo—not so far from here, after all—have no complaints. Are they content to be working on a government-owned farm? Yes and no, that depends. Most of them had hoped that agrarian reform would distribute small farm holdings; it took a little time before they would admit that the collective cultivation of the land was more profitable. What does Venezuela mean to them? Nothing to some. To others it is a country whose situation is a little like Cuba's, but where the United States is stronger, "because down there they don't have a Fidel."

There were about 10 Negroes in the group around us. I asked the superintendent if racism still continued to be a source of conflict in any way. He replied that the Negroes (about a third of the population) are those who have benefited most from the Revolution. A few years ago, in the little town of Santa Clara which lies between Camaguey and Santiago, the city park had one walkway for the whites, one for the mulattoes, and one for the Negroes. There was absolute racial discrimination. Today, Negroes hold posts of responsibility in all collective aspects of social life. The head of the Army, Commander Almeida, is a Negro (incidentally, he is also the author of several novels which are enjoying a current vogue in Cuba). Of course, in certain regions, there are outbreaks of the former racism because, according to the superintendent, "all the Negroes wanted to marry mulatto women, and all the mulattoes wanted to marry whites." When I left the farm to return to

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Bayamo, I shared a taxi with a Negro scholarship student who was on his way back from the Soviet Union. "It's really extraordinary, " he said. "I don't know what the United States is like, and it is so close to us; I don't even know what Haiti is like, and it practically touches our island. Yet I have spent a year in the USSR, which is thousands and thousands of miles away from Cuba." He spoke fluent Russian. He had returned from the Soviet Republic of Uzbekistan with a diploma of cotton textile engineer. He was delighted with his stay in Russia, but still he said over and over: "It's absurd, the world has gone mad, everything is topsy-turvy. Why must we go so far afield?"

From my innumerable experiences in Cuba, I have chosen to tell about my visit to this farm because on the basis of observations there I was able to see that there really is a community of ideas between the revolutionary leaders and the masses there. Despite the difficulties (which no one in the island underestimates), despite a degree of discontent, this community of ideas exists.

It is necessary to understand, for example, that the blockade has in no way succeeded in strangling Cuba economically. There is poverty, but never misery; there are food restrictions everywhere, but never famine. The blockade has simply caused the Cubans to concentrate with greater zeal on farming their own land, which is rich, and to equate the Soviet Union with the concepts of generosity, sacrifice and power. Often the Cubans may "ignore" the Russians in Cuba; but they venerate Russia. This is a fact which cannot be denied and which has emerged triumphant from the missiles affair, no matter what the outside world may say

In concentrating on the cultivation of their own soil, the Cubans have doubtless made plenty of blunders; in fact, these are spelled out in full, almost with complacency, in official speeches: self-criticism is the order of the day at Havana and is relentless. Doubtless too, the Cubans realize obscurely that without the Russians, who saved them, they would not be in danger! But in a general way, the blockade has provoked two reactions: the first is one of adaptation to it; the second is one of defiance and bravado.

The adaptative process is breathtaking. To the great dismay of the Soviet and Czech technicians (who observe the Cuban revolution like missionaries observing the way their Catholicism "takes" among the Africans), socialism in Cuba has preserved religion, dancing, feminine coquetry, abstract art, vaudeville, nightclubs and freedom for writers if not freedom of the press. Fidel doesn't want anything to impair that decidedly irrepressible gaiety of the Cuban people: it is a real counteragent to the difficult living conditions on the island. And since there has been nothing to teach the Cubans what the Stalinist phase of collectivism might be like, they are discovering that socialism is singularly different from what Americans say it is. They don't realize that they are creating a new look with their style of socialism.

Cuban defiance of the blockade manifests itself in all kinds of ways. Whenever Soviet oil tankers arrive in the ports of Havana and Santiago, it represents a fresh victory for the Cubans. They know that if the tanker doesn't arrive, electricity can vanish within 48 hours, since there is no other source of energy in Cuba. But the tanker *does* arrive. Actually, the Cubans themselves can't quite get over the fact that they have defied the United States and lived to tell the tale. It is somehow as though they had committed a great folly, and got away with it. This is why they feel free to complain about everything: the high cost of living, their inability to buy anything with what they earn, the local bureaucracy or the military service. They bitterly regret their hostile relatives or friends in exile. But the moment there is even the slightest aspersion cast, they unite in defiance. Filled with a pride which is its legacy from Spain, this nation feels that the gods have been on its side in a victory over the geographic determinism which the Communists themselves, in fact especially the Communists, have described as insurmountable.

A Feeling of Mingled Sympathy and Fear

At the same time, however, like the Negro engineer, the Cubans find this all "absurd"; and like the superintendent at the people's farm, the Venezuelan situation in particular inspires them with mingled sympathy and fear. The same can be said of the reactions of various members of the Cuban government with whom I had interviews during my tour. Here is how they see the immediate future.

We have arrived, they say, at a sort of truce with the United States. From time to time, this truce is interrupted by the aid which CIA lends to counter-revolutionary expeditions, but these interruptions do not worry us unduly. The Russians are helping us and can no longer abandon us (nor do they want to abandon us, if they really did want to). We don't know what the intentions of the new President of the United States are, but intentions count for less than facts, and one fact is that to attack us henceforth means the same as attacking the Soviet Union. Assuming this, we are nonetheless aware of our economic dependence on the USSR and of the burden we represent for them. In four years, if the possibility is left open to us (in other words, if we are not forced to devote all our efforts to military security), we will enjoy a certain degree of economic independence. You ask how far our solidarity with the Venezuelans goes. We could reply by asking how far the solidarity of the United States goes with the counter-revolutionaries of Miami. The situation

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down there doesn't depend on us; to say so flatters us too much. It is the result of the inability of the United States and her Venezuelan allies to meet the aspirations of the Venezuelan people.

This is what some leaders say. There are other Cuban leaders who, to tell the truth, are far from angry when American propaganda denounces the subversive activity of Castroism throughout Latin America. It increases tenfold the radius of influence of the Cuban revolution and gives Fidel a bargaining position. Some day, they reason, it will surely be necessary for the US to make a deal: why not trade the abandonment of "subversion" by Cuba for renunciation by the US of "aid to the counter-revolution"?

In fact, there *are* contraband shipments from Cuba. That is known. There are shipments going to Central America, to Venezuela and elsewhere. These shipments bring food, men, sometimes arms – all in small quantities – as US authorities are aware. But as always in history, where there is a blockade, there are those who attempt to break it; one is not always able to distinguish between political contraband and plain piracy. The mercenaries may pretend to be Castroites and the politicians may pretend to be mercenaries. Breaking a blockade may, after all, be good business.

"We Have a Chain Reaction Here"

Making all due allowances, the Venezuelan insurgents pose to Cuba the same problem as Cuba posed to the Russians: there is complete ideological sympathy, and during the early stages there was a considerable common strategic interest. But as soon as matters develop to the point where the aiding country is forced into a negotiating position, the people aided become a dangerous liability. Peaceful coexistence between the Russians and the Americans barely escaped being compromised by the Cubans, and in the same way the truce between the Americans and the Cubans is now in danger of being compromised by Venezuela. We have a chain reaction here, and in Latin America there is a danger that it will not be arrested; for the consensus is that the Venezuelan political situation is so immensely complex as to be insoluble.

At the same time, certain Cuban leaders – not all, but not the least important of them – believe that a dialogue (indirect or otherwise) may be possible with the Americans; that such a dialogue might transform the present, strained truce into peaceful coexistence; and that Venezuela could wreck the possibility of such a dialogue with Washington. Thus, for the first time, there is in Cuba something like Titoism (or perhaps we should call it "Khrushchevism") – opposed to the "permanent revolution" in Latin America. In other words, the Venezuelan situation does not inspire an optimism that is untinged with anxiety. The Cubans passionately admire the courage of the insurgents, but they are nervous about the political consequences of what may happen in Venezuela.

What choices has the US now? What are the alternatives in regard to Cuba?

An attempt at direct invasion might well touch off a world conflict. Indirect aid to such a project (needling raids by exiles) has achieved no positive results. The hope that the blockade would cause Castro to collapse, or prove an unacceptable economic burden to the USSR, has proved vain. To reasonable observers, viewing the situation dispassionately, the only realistic recourse left is the development of Cuban collectivism along lines which, so far as Cuban foreign policy is concerned, would not be bound to the USSR. Despite my reluctance to interpret the thinking of a statesman no longer able to reject or confirm my version I am of the firm opinion that President Kennedy had modified his view that if Khrushchev "let go" of Cuba, he would suffer an irreparable loss of prestige in the Socialist world. The President was, I believe, prepared to begin considering conversations with Castro.

In other words, from America's standpoint one could wish nothing better for Cuba than to adopt the same position as Algeria (I say Algeria's position to avoid saying Yugoslavia's), or better yet, the relationship of Finland with Russia. Mr. Lyndon Johnson was apparently much impressed, on the occasion of his last trip abroad, by Russo-Finnish coexistence; it does not encroach upon Finnish autonomy and constitutes no danger whatever to Denmark, Sweden and Norway.

Is this too Utopian a solution, considering American public opinion in the wake of Kennedy's tragic death? No. Indeed, a means for relieving the situation is ready at hand – *one that at this precise moment coincides with the wishes of the Cubans, the Russians and certain Western nations.* I am absolutely convinced that we can expect very real changes in Cuba as soon as oil, foodstuffs, medical supplies and books begin flowing into Havana – from elsewhere than the Soviet bloc. To bring this about, the United States would have to cease threatening retaliatory measures against West European companies which choose to do business with Cuba. For example, the US auto industry would have to stop – and for the long-run prestige of the West – its punitive gestures toward French diplomats when French firms seek to establish plants in Havana.

There is little time left before the Cuban people adapt completely to a life based on Soviet economic aid (and to Eastern civilization); before the Cuban example becomes a precedent for Latin America to create further Cold War situations; in short, before more people in that part of the world come to look upon the Soviet Union as their sole and supreme recourse and salvation.

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The Importance of Being Frank

by Stanley Kauffmann

In 1915, H. L. Mencken commissioned Frank Harris to write an article called *How I Discovered G. B. S.* for *The Smart Set*. When the magazine came off the press, Mencken found that the same article was in another magazine already on the stands; Harris' only explanation was that the article was good enough for two appearances. This anecdote affords a quick view of Harris'

My Life and Loves
by Frank Harris
(Grove; $12.50)

experience, ability, and ethics. The only important Harrisian quality not included is the sexual. All of his qualities are now fully displayed by the publication in this country, at last, of his unexpurgated autobiography.

To many, Harris is only a peripheral name, so a brief outline of his life may be in order. (These facts are not drawn entirely from his autobiography, which is approximately as reliable as Wagner's.) Harris, as his biographer Brome says, "was born in two different countries on three different dates and his name was not Frank Harris." His baptismal name was James Thomas Harris, and it is practically certain that he was born in Galway in 1856 – not, as he states, a year earlier. His parents were Welsh; his father was a naval lieutenant commanding a revenue cutter in Western Irish waters. Harris was educated in Ireland and at a public school in England. At the age of 15 he won a £10 school prize, and because he thought he had been cheated out of a better prize, a Cambridge scholarship, he used his money to run away: to America. In New York he found jobs as a bootblack and as a caisson worker on the foundations of Brooklyn Bridge. He had been, and remained, a ravenous reader with a tentacular memory. One day, while blacking the shoes of a well-dressed regular customer, he remarked that the man looked intent. The man asked him why he used that word.

> "'The Latin phrase came into my head,' I replied without thinking, *'Intentique ore tenebant,* Vergil says'."

Whether it came with or without thinking, the Latin tag had its effect. The intrigued customer took the youth to Chicago and employed him as night clerk in a hotel. Many of the guests were cattlemen, and Harris subsequently left with a group of them as a cowboy, to drive cattle up from the Mexican border to the Kansas railheads. After two years of cow-punching, he heard that a brother of his had emigrated to Lawrence, Kansas, and went to see him. There, under the guidance of a mentor named Byron Smith, whom he revered, Harris enrolled in the university, eventually worked in a lawyer's office, and was admitted to the bar.

After some months of Lawrence law practice he grew restless, and, galvanized to action by an Emerson essay, he left westward (he says) or eastward (his biographers think) and either circled the globe through Asia to Europe or made his way more directly to the continent and London. There (all agree) by audacity and ability he secured reviewing and editorial work on leading magazines; relatively soon he became the editor-in-chief of a London newspaper, the *Evening News*. He was then 27. Harris claimed that this amazing appointment came about solely through his qualifications and personality. An easily decipherable *roman á clef*, published 14 years later, says that the hero seduced the publisher's wife and that she interceded for him.

He became "the only editor who drove fine horses tandem down Fleet Street," dined and wined well, boxed, and worked – in two senses – outrageously. A few years later, after stimulating its sales and style, he left the paper because of policy disagreement and then bought the (London) *Saturday Review* with the aid of a thousand pounds bor-

Now on These Monuments Falls the Rain

Now on these monuments falls the rain,
careless oars plashing on the letters
which seem to hold their memories in pain,
but grip only ignorance of the name.

The rain rows in marches on the grass
and stones alike, beating like a pulse
upon the flowers, forgotten in some past
to celebrate the weather's brutal mass.

May the Lord, whose presence here is known
in anonymity of grass and stone
but does not shield our symbol from the ice
that glazes words, and may our Christ
whose shadow is not seen upon this mound
nor shielding of the rain's cold falling down . . .
may He from ice and frigid rain devise
comfort for the heart, where all death lies.

JACK MATTHEWS

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rowed from the author of *Charley's Aunt*. His years as head of this magazine during the '90's were the peak of his professional life. Quite clearly he had editorial genius. He got the young H. G. Wells to review novels, Cunninghame Graham to write travel sketches, Max Beerbohm to contribute satire, Thomas Hardy and Rudyard Kipling to contribute stories and poems. As dramatic critic he engaged a man who had made some mark as a music critic and who had written a play that Harris had seen: Bernard Shaw. Years later the *New Statesman* said that, under Harris, "the *Saturday Review* was beyond all challenge the most vital and stimulating journal in the English-speaking world."

By his mid-forties he was restless again. He had begun to write fiction and non-fiction; he decided to devote himself to writing and to support his high living by investment. His business deals verged on peculation, even in the sale of the *Saturday Review*, and at least once his money maneuvers included blackmail. His finances faltered, and in the course of his several moves from London to Nice to New York, he found himself forced to edit a series of lesser magazines, calling on the loyalty of former contributors (at least one of whom, Shaw, stood by him). He served a month in Brixton Prison for contempt of court arising out of an editorial contretemps. Early in World War I, because of pro-German sentiment, he came to New York, edited, lectured, was eventually reduced to writing advertising copy for railroads. After the war he returned to Europe and spent much of his time in Nice. He married twice. His first marriage, to a wealthy English widow, was brief. His second wife, an Irish girl 20 years his junior whom he married in 1898, became his widow. He died in Nice in 1931.

His best-known previously published writings are: a novel, *The Bomb;* his story collection, *Montes the Matador;* his five volumes of *Contemporary Portraits;* his critical work, *The Man Shakespeare;* his biographies of Wilde and Shaw. His most famous work, until now largely unread, is his five-volume autobiography, *My Life and Loves*, lately published in one 983-page volume. It was begun in New York in 1920 and was finished in France almost 10 years later. The serial appearance of the volumes, in France and Germany, had produced various scandals and police actions that had delayed the aging and weakening man. This autobiography fulfills the prophecies of Shaw and George Moore. Shaw had written him in 1915: "Your most interesting book will be your autobiography." Moore had said, grandly but truly, "You have, in yourself, a subject that will carry your name down the ages, if you write it with the necessary sincerity: that of Jean-Jacques; and it will not surprise me if you do write it."

On every other score Harris is certainly a minor writer, largely a negligible one. *The Bomb*, a novel about the Haymarket murders in Chicago, is a wooden attempt at the then new naturalism, leagues below Frank Norris, not up to the level of Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*. His stories are in the *fin-de-siècle* tradition that treated the short story as a minuscule melodrama, the dilution of de Maupassant aggravated

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by, among others, O. Henry. His work on Shakespeare, carefully analyzed by Shaw in the preface to *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets*, was, in its humanistic bent, an interesting departure in its day but is now of small value to scholars or general readers. His *Contemporary Portraits* are sporadically enlightening. His biography of Wilde must be used supplementally to a factually reliable and complete work but has many colorful memories and impressions. His Shaw biography, written in collaboration with Frank Scully, the American journalist, is factually dependable, as far as it goes, because of a possibly unique distinction: the subject himself corrected the proofs after the author's death. Shaw's postscript says:

> "Frank knew very little of the facts of my life, and, having no patience for the very dull work of investigation . . . put in a good deal of guesswork. . . . I have got rid of the contradictions . . . by simply supplying or correcting the facts. . . . All the criticisms, jibes, explosions of passing ill humour, and condemnations have been piously preserved."

In sum, his other books assure Harris of little continuing readership. His autobiography, however, is a work of importance for three reasons. Firstly, the story – despite some inaccuracies, omissions, dilations – has narrative strength; and, unknown to its author, has an arch of pathos in his ebullient youth, rise, decline. Secondly, his meetings and friendships are fascinating: Whitman, Marx, Gladstone, Carlyle, Conrad, Taine, Bismarck, Wagner, Ruskin, Rhodes – this is a helter-skelter handful of some of the figures in the book. One can learn here about Prince Edward's German accent and taste in jokes, about an odd physical power of de Maupassant's, what Lady Randolph Churchill said about the terminal insanity of Winston's father. One can also learn that Harris thought that Henry James had a "Jewish-looking nose" – a remark that, ironically, was often made of Harris himself. In the fashion of the time, many people believed that Harris' *outré* behavior must be due to the fact that secretly he was a Jew – which gossip may explain the modish buzz of anti-Semitism that recurs in all his work.

(While on the subject of Harris' acquaintances, a comment is in order about the unsatisfactory biographical footnotes provided by John F. Gallagher, the editor. For example, he carelessly includes two identifications of Mounet-Sully, omits from Bram Stoker's note the principal fact that he wrote *Dracula*, gives two lines to Leopardi and six to a forgotten novelist named Blanche Roosevelt, then kindly identifies Dogberry and Mrs. Grundy for us.)

Third of the reasons for this book's importance is the factor that delayed its publication and gave it its *sub rosa* reputation: the account of the author's sex life, more fully detailed and frankly worded than any such factual account that I know, including those of Rousseau and Casanova.

What was the point of the sexual candor? Was it merely a 70-year-old man smacking his lips over his memories? Suspicion of this cannot be completely ruled out; but it is also clear, I think, that Harris thoroughly believed that a time had come in history to try to put a whole man on paper. Rousseau had said that his attempt was without precedent and would be without imitator. Harris eventually found the courage to disprove him. His fiction (see *The Bomb* and his long story, *Sonia*) strains to deal realistically with love and love-making while both his men and women wear literary corsets. When he came to write his memoirs, goaded by a frustrated impulse to truth that at last overwhelmed him and, to some extent, freed from restraint by the world's disregard, he fused the facts of life as he knew them with the world of literature that tried to distort them.

His sexual recollections begin with his peering up girls' dresses in his first school and continue through his explorations in a life-boat on his first sea voyage to various affairs of sorts that one might expect. But his life, and therefore his book, went further. He also describes, for instance, the procurement of girls at an Italian villa for the joint delight of his guests and himself; procurement of a 15-year-old on a ship, of a succession of 12-year-olds in Bombay. Harris does not merely recount sexual adventures of a kind known to many and at least tacitly approved by most; he dares to write details of what some men (Dostoevsky, Nabokov) have treated in fiction and countless others have secretly fantasied. He makes absolutely no moral judgments about any of it, nor does he pretend to such poetics as those of Genet's Divine. He writes of sensual experience *as such*, as part of human existence. He does not hold himself up as exemplar but as example.

Shall the reader now transpose this completely amoral sexual biography into a moral context? In varying degrees, none of us can resist doing this. Few mature readers will be offended by the affairs with women, married or not. The sexual detail in them, as well as the language, is surprising to readers of 20th-Century fiction only because it is here used in autobiography. But it would be idle, fake modernism to

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pretend that the adventures with minors produce no slightest disquiet. It is not my intention to "excuse" them; if our society is to cohere and function, acts of that kind are sensibly taboo. But the pre-eminent point in the book is that Harris does not ask for our approval. He is telling us what he did – *everything* he did, from escapades that raise chuckles in mixed company to those that cause shock even in the smoking room. Because his sexual life encompassed a range that is fearful autism for most and because of his blazing, almost scornful honesty about it, the very amorality of this chronicle gives it a place in moral history.

The temple sculptures of Konarak, the murals and statuary of Pompeii are only two indexes of the regard in which sex was once held. These works are not Jiggs and Maggie cartoons, they are art by the best artists of the time, executed as public celebrations of esteemed activities in that society's life. These activities, in themselves, have of course not changed. (A gruff English colonel, in a room with me in Pompeii, inspected the wall paintings silently, then grunted: "Hmph. Nothing new under the sun.") What *has* changed is the social estimate of those activities. Despite the pendulum swings of Western conventions, from Cromwell to Restoration, from 18th Century to 19th, sex in our civilization had always been, at best, snigger. With the turn of our century and what can be called the Isadora Duncan age, sex became Beauty; with the emergence of Freud, it was named the chief motive in life, and our chief concern in our personal lives then became how to adjust that motive to the increasing constrictions of society. To Harris, sex was never either dirty or self-consciously Beautiful; nor was it a problem to be faced with deliberate, four-square sobriety nor a force that had to be reconciled to the demands of the times. It simply *was*. He lived, he ate and drank, he worked, he fornicated. (We still don't have a good printable word for it.) He thought as little of either defending or praising sex as he would have done with breathing.

Thus, on the sexual level, his book achieves something that even the great Joyce did not do. Joyce, as novelist, bared the last subconscious quivers of fantasy and wish, always in a context of social repression and disguise. Harris, as autobiographer, has no sexual morals, has (one may say) no subconscious, is not the least concerned with social context. It is not necessary to advocate voyeurism and the procurement of minors to recognize this achievement: that a man was able to record his life *sans* decorative cupids or evasive terminology. Is "Know Thyself" the poet's injunction? Harris has obeyed it in spades and in calling of spades. His sexual life may not be a paragon for the generations but it is certainly, as recorded here, sinless.

As with all his non-fiction, we next have to ask how much of it is true. Mr. Gallagher says in his introduction:

> "There is the question of whether Harris invented sex episodes in the hope of increasing sales or heightening effect or whether his memory played him false in recalling details. It does not seem likely that a man who could accurately quote at length, say, from Swinburne's *Anactoria* and from Macaulay's essay on history fifty years after reading them would find it difficult to remember the faces and anatomies of women."

It seems somewhat naïve to believe that Harris never consulted a text when he went into his occasional (and usually tiresome) bouts of quotation. But even if he did not, I find it easier to believe that he remembered Swinburne and Macaulay than that he remembered, not only most encounters with most women but every detail of most encounters. For example, a Kansas lady, during the act itself, apologized for her awkwardness. Harris says he replied: "Your awkwardness, however, excites me." To have remembered that line (commas and all) fifty-two years after such a moment – and only one among hundreds of such lines in dozens of encounters – beats *Anactoria* all hollow. Gallagher goes on to say: "Those persons still alive who knew him best deny there was any necessity for invention by him." That is conclusive enough; besides it is supported by the ambience, zest, and consistent tone of his sexual writing. The episodes themselves can be believed; it is the memory of minute detail that is in doubt and that is sometimes unwittingly funny. Harris had in general a deficient sense of humor. What other author would put a chapter on an Indian sexual device between a chapter on reminiscences of George Meredith and another on personal immortality?

His financial shadiness, his lies, his deceits, all flourished after he made the crucial mistake of his professional life, which was to give up serious editing for writing. He was a meteoric success as an editor; he was a writer without much success or distinction. His business failures (he died in relative poverty) drove him more and more to stratagems for money. He says that he was once considered for the editorship of *The* (London) *Times* but that his ideas frightened the directors. Both the consideration and the fright are credible. Nevertheless, in that post or a similar one, he would have been enabled to be honest, and might have magnificently redeemed his misdirected talents.

Even these memoirs have small distinction of writing as such. When

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Harris tries to "write," he gets stuffy. Most of this book is vivid because it seems to be eloquently *told*. One reason that the sexual monosyllables seem perfectly in place is that they are used by a man who seems quite accustomed to them in speech. (He once almost drove Browning up the wall by asking whether he got all the passion of *James Lee's Wife* from one woman, Elizabeth Barrett.) Harris, a short man, was personally imposing by reason of his voice – thunderous and bass. Freudians can easily make out a case for his being an oral erotic. Certainly he thrived orally, and therefore this book – the one in which he seems to speak instead of writing and in which he insisted on speaking freely – is his best book. It even runs down with a gaffer's talkiness: the last volume is cranky and patchy and ends with an irrelevant attack on Woodrow Wilson.

Without *My Life and Loves*, Frank Harris was a literary footnote; with it, he now has a firm place in the main text. Surely a chief aim of literature is the deepening knowledge of man through significant communion of experience. The paradox of Harris' book is that, although he was a widely recognized rogue, his memoirs are grounded in a strong impulse to self-revelation, with what Moore called "the necessary sincerity." It is fittingly amusing that this famous liar should end up striking a blow for truth. For with all its shortcomings, in this book Harris has tried to tell the whole story *as far as he is capable of seeing it*. It is a high ambition and one not often genuinely undertaken.

ART

Model Museum: Glass at Dumbarton Oaks

"The garden's full of furniture and the house is full of plants," Michael Flanders used to sing, thus putting his finger on one of the ruling clichés of contemporary domestic architecture, namely that nothing should actually be something, such as a dining room or a kitchen, but everything should flow and merge into something else, including the outdoors and the indoors. This last merger has been made possible by the perfection of glass as walls, or, "There's no place safe to dress," as Donald Swann used to reply.

Not surprisingly, the glass wall has found its way into institutions as well as houses. A whole sub-language of architecture has grown up devoted to producing permanent awnings – horizontal or vertical baffles shading the glass – to allow glass to take its omniverous course. The momentous discovery that the way to cut down on overexposure caused by glass is to cut down on glass may be just around the corner.

The art museum, too, has been afflicted by glass walls. The reasoning there seems to have been that art museums are part of the general advance section of culture and glass is decidely advance, therefore glass is the only truly fitting substance. Ignored has been the simple truth that the backs of most pictures are not particularly inspiring to look at. The glass walled museum has brought the free-standing, movable partition into its own and forced the development of a whole rhetoric of flexibility. In spite of the rhetoric, most arrangements of free-standing, moveable partitions tend to stand freely but unmoved in the positions they are first given for exhibition after exhibition, for all the world as if they were the old, inflexible galleries of the classical temple and Renaissance palazzo that once dominated museum architecture. And the proliferation of glass boxes for small museums has unexpectedly revealed a virtue in the old temples and palazzos. Except for the Puritanically modern soul, those forms were ennobling in a curious way. They may not have been the best machines for looking at pictures, but they placed the experience of looking at pictures within a context that stretched back to the Greeks and the Florentines. Even without the his-

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torical reference, the old-time museum architecture imparted nobility to looking at art through its sheer profusion of space. The great hall of the Metropolitan, the rotunda of the National Gallery are not the waste space they were once denounced as; both spaces announce to the visitor that he has come to one of the high places of the spirit, that he may now commune with giants, that this is their temple.

The problems of art museum architecture – what to do about glass? and how to make space evocative as well as efficient? – have been brilliantly solved in Philip Johnson's just opened pre-Columbian wing for the Bliss Collection at Dumbarton Oaks, Washington. Two special conditions have contributed to the possibility of such a building. The Robert Woods Bliss Collection contains very few flat pieces that should be exhibited on walls: there is a large piece of Mexican fresco and a vibrant Inca feather mantle. The rest of the fabrics are more advantageously seen from both sides and are shown therefore in free-standing cases. Secondly, there are no plans for special exhibitions. Small changes will be made from time to time, but the collection is really a finished work, the result of fifty years of very perceptive hunting and finding by Mr. and Mrs. Bliss. Hence, flexibility is irrelevant.

The building is therefore essentially a showcase for several hundred superb, three-dimensional works of pre-Columbian art. Another condition of the enterprise is that Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, beginning 1912, were among the very first collectors anywhere to recognize the aesthetic value of the pre-Columbian material. That recognition has shaped the collection completely. There isn't a single piece that is only of ethnological value. There are no shards. There is a lot of small gold, intricately worked, a lot of larger stone, massively simple. Everything demands and amply repays close attention.

For such material the building is a beauty, not only making such attention easy but echoing the fascination of the objects in itself. There is no competition between the container and the things contained, yet it is entirely possible to experience and delight in the building even as it leads the body and eye to object after object in the collection. Attached to the main Dumbarton building, housing the Byzantine collection, the "wing" is really an independent pavilion open, through glass, to the surrounding gardens and, by way of an unroofed court, to the sky.

The basic unit or room is circular, constructed of eight pillars, which support a bronze ring, which supports a shallow dome. There are eight such rooms, each opening into the next, the pillars shared by neighboring rooms, the exterior curved glass. The eight rooms form a square of circles, with the open court, with fountain and pool, in the center. The inside areas between circles are glassed and contain each a potted palm set on a bed of blue-black smooth stones. The pillars are of close-grained Illinois marble in a soft texture picked up in the drapes. The domes, like all domes, are resonant vaults and amplify your voice as you pass beneath the center of each. The floor of each circle is of teak set in long narrow wedges like the spokes and interstices of a wagon wheel. This motif is repeated in the floor of the pool, where it is done of slate set on edge. Looking from one of the circular rooms across the little court, you see the rippling surface of the pool reflected in the glass before the palms, so that the water seems to be splashing over the blue-black stones. What I am getting at is that every single prospect pleases in itself and every one is on the small, intimate scale of the works on exhibition.

The outside-inside business is equally enchanting and especially appropriate. You can look from one circle across the pool court through another circle to the surrounding, rather closed in, garden. The green and the water sounds faintly suggest the Central American jungle origin of much of the material. More important, they connect with the character of the institution. Besides being Harvard's center of Byzantine studies, Dumbarton Oaks has long been a completely enchanted garden, created and developed by Mrs. Bliss, who still

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Louis J. Halle's *new book,* Sedge, *has just been published by Praeger.* Jack Matthews *is on the faculty of Northern Illinois University.*

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JULES FEIFFER

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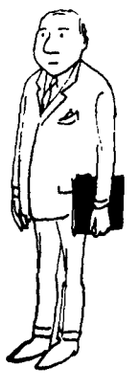

FIRST AS TO APPEARANCE. **HAIRLINE RECESSION** DURING JAN.- MARCH '63 BECAME PRONOUNCED, RISING TO A NEW HIGH IN APRIL AND REMAINING STEADY THROUGH DEC.

GIRTH INDEX FOR JAN.- DEC. '63 UP 3% FROM LAST YEAR, RESPONDING TO UNSPECIFIED GAINS IN ALCOHOLIC INPUT.

POSTURE INDEX SAGGED GENERALLY THROUGH '63, **CHEST SLIPPAGE** MAKING STEADY GAINS THROUGH DEC.

AN EFFICIENCY REPORT OF MY **PHYSICAL PLANT** HAS IT OPERATING AT 62% OF CAPACITY. MY **ATTENTION SPAN** CONTINUES DOWN. **SMILE AVERAGE** DOWN. **GRIMACE AVERAGE** REMAINS STEADY.

MY **ANXIETY INDEX** I AM RELIEVED TO SAY IS DOWN SLIGHTLY FROM ITS NOVEMBER HIGH. MY **DEPRESSION INDEX** REMAINS CONSTANT HOWEVER. MY **GAR**, OR **GENERAL AMIABILITY RATING** HAS BEEN AUTOMATED AND CONSEQUENTLY HAS NO BEARING ON THIS REPORT.

FORECASTS FOR '64 REMAIN SKETCHY. POSSIBILITIES OF **GROWTH POTENTIAL** ARE OFFSET BY A GENERAL DOWNWARD TREND IN **SELF ESTEEM**.

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FRANK GETLEIN

Correspondence

The New Republic *welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.*

Law & Civil Rights Demonstrations

Sirs:

In speaking of the deficiencies of Congress, TRB (December 14, 1963) makes the point that Congress' inability to act means that "a social revolution is shoved into the streets by an inability to reach a vote." Similar sentiments have been expressed in other sections of *The New Republic*. Aside from being an error of fact, this view of the "social revolution" has dangerous implications.

Congress did not put the revolution into the streets in the first place, at least no more than did our other institutions. But, more importantly, Congress cannot take the revolution out of the streets, at least not by legislation. No civil rights leader has said he intends to stop calling demonstrations if the rights bill is passed. Indeed, even as legislation, this bill does not reach the heart of the issue. The law would not effect, for instance, voting procedures for state officials or police brutality to individuals. It seems to this observer that many traditional friends of civil rights, e.g. *The New Republic*, are setting themselves up to yell "double-cross" and "bad faith" when SCLC or CORE holds a demonstration in Birmingham or Syracuse after the civil rights bill has been entered on the statute books.

This bill is necessary, not to stop demonstrations, but to safeguard and expand civil rights. It is the result of demonstrations, not the cure of demonstrations.

Jay M. Land
Syracuse University

Amending the UN Charter

Sirs:

In a note from the United Nations, November 16, *The New Republic* said:

> "Africans at the UN do not regard the Ivory Coast's acquisition of a two-year term on the Security Council as satisfying their longer range aspirations for more representation on the Council. They talk of wanting two seats, one of which eventually would carry the veto power; and since the size of the Council is limited to 11, that could only be done by revising the UN Charter. Revision has been broached from time to time, but the Soviet Union always has threatened to veto it – unless the People's Republic of China is given a seat."

The procedure of amending the Charter of the United Nations consists, like the "mode of amendment" of the Constitution of the United States, of two stages:

1. The *adoption* of the amendment by a vote of two-thirds of the members of the General Assembly or of a General Conference of the Members.
2. The *ratification* of the amendment thus adopted by two-thirds of the Members, including all the permanent members of the Security Council.

There is no veto during the first stage. No threat of the veto by the Soviet Union (or any other of the Big Powers) can prevent two-thirds of the Members from adopting an amendment to increase the membership of the Security Council or of the Economic and Social Council.

During the second stage a permanent member can "veto" an amendment by withholding its ratification. But as the representative of China once remarked, it was putting the cart before the horse to say that the consent of all the permanent members had to be obtained before the General Assembly could

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adopt a Charter amendment. During the first stage it is not necessary to anticipate a Soviet veto. Before the second stage is reached the Powers involved may conceivably change their attitude and eventually ratify the expansion of the membership of the councils, particularly if it has been carried by an overwhelming majority of the members.

Egon Schwelb
The Yale Law School

The Naming Sickness

Sirs:

Perhaps it is hard to be discriminating after such a tragedy as President Kennedy's assassination, but he was a man of quality, and I think that we do him injustice by this epidemic-like soup-to-nuts naming and renaming after him of everything under the sun.

It's all rather meaningless and not at all related to what was best in him or even was him and makes me sadder than ever about his untimely death.

I know that *The New Republic* has a hundred matters to worry about concerning contemporary life (you do face it, and that's something!), and this is just a piece of my mind; but I'd be really pleased if you agreed with me that this tasteless race in one-upping commemoration should be abated.

Elizabeth French
New York, N.Y.

Reducing the Work Week

Sirs:

A recent editorial ("A 35-Hour Week," November 30) stated that reducing the work week and raising the minimum wage would mean "higher prices, less growth, lower living standards, more unemployment." I suggest that higher labor costs should not at this point be allowed as an excuse for higher prices. Corporations showed record high profits for the second and third quarters of 1963, with a gain for the year expected to be 8 to 10 percent above last year's level. And while production is considerably above 1962 figures, prices have not gone down, nor have wages increased in proportion. Productivity in output per manhour is way above the long-term average; yet the rate of increase in earnings is going down. Studies by the Department of Labor, as reported in *The New York Times* (October 13), show that "labor costs, including fringe benefits, in the nonfarm sector rose at an annual average rate of 2.8 percent in the 1948-53 business cycle; 2.6 percent in the 1953-57 cycle, and 1.8 percent in the 1957-60 cycle." The second quarter of 1960 to the second quarter of 1963 showed 0.4 percent, and the more recent part of this period (the second quarter of 1962 to the second quarter of 1963) showed only 0.2 percent.

This trend, if extended, means more unemployment, lower wages, higher profits. A tax cut would help, if large enough and properly distributed; government spending would help, too, if large enough and in the right programs; retraining would help, if the most disadvantaged and least educated are trained. But reducing the work week, distributing the work to more people, and raising wages, giving a fair share to the workers, would reduce unemployment and raise the living standards of the lowest classes – by attacking one of the roots of the problem.

David Rader
Ithaca, New York

In reply:

The point of the editorial was that it is preferable to have a fully employed economy working on a 40-hour a week basis, obtainable through an increase in total demand, than to have a fully employed economy working on a 35-hour basis, which in effect means reducing the total labor supply to fit the size of total current demand. It is true that corporate profits are higher than ever before, a point made frequently in these columns. After-tax corporate profits in 1963 will probably be about $27 billion, up $2.5 billion from 1962. But even if a sizable share of corporate profits, say 20 percent, were distributed among wage and salary income recipients, it would increase their income by less than two percent. The path to full employment, full purchasing power, and economic justice is in the direction of stimulating aggregate demand, and not distributing too small an income between wages and profits, or between the employed and the unemployed.

The Editors

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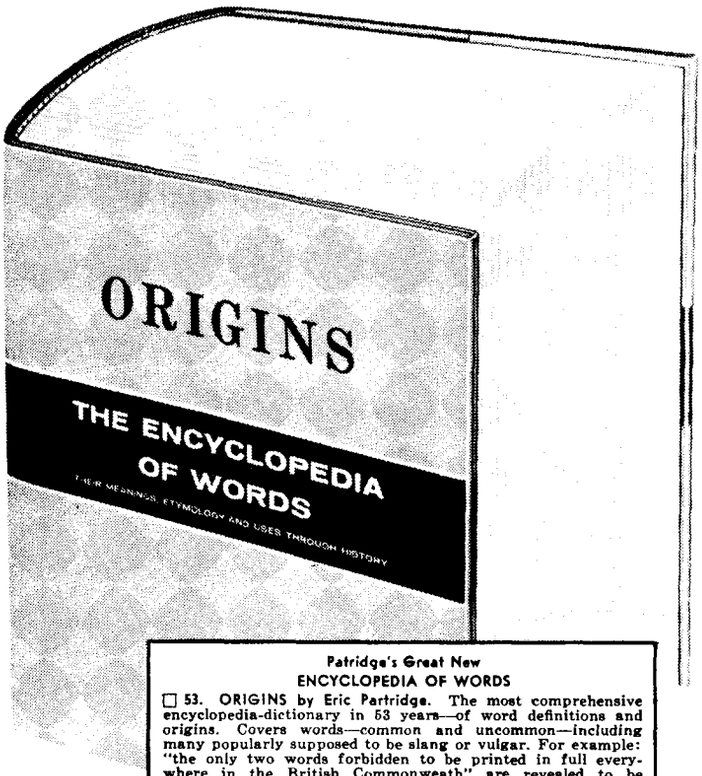

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